John Bull, January 21, 1922. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

John Bull

Vol. XXXI. No. 816. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1922. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

Our Crusade for Crippled Children

By Appointment *To H.M. The King.*

Mothers! Nurse your babies; if you *can't* get

NESTLÉ'S ENGLISH OR SWISS MILK

which is not an expensive patent food but really pure milk and refined sugar. It contains intact the essential life-giving elements of fresh milk, without the dirt and attendant tubercular or other injurious germs, so often present in the latter.

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Reduced to 7d. and 1/1½d. per tin.

Milks offered at other prices are not guaranteed by us.

Beware of the countless imitations that have been introduced on the market. Demand "Nestlé's." Substitutes *may* be more remunerative to the trader, but they will *certainly* cause disappointment to the consumer. Bear in mind that a very large proportion of the numerous male employees at our 7 important Condenseries established in this country are ex-service men. As no less than 30% of these were discharged unfit from the Army and Navy, requests for our English Milk which can be had for the asking, assist British labour, British agriculture and the livelihood of ex-service men, a large proportion of whom were disabled in the service of their country.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C. 3.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY PAYS HIS "RESPECTS" TO THE GERMAN SPAS.

Some Candid advice to sufferers from any Uric Acid complaints, Stomach, Liver and Kidney disorders, etc. Says saltrated water to his mind (and body) beats Carlsbad into a cocked hat.

There is no mystery about the medicinal ingredients which give such wonderful curative powers to the waters of various natural medicated springs. Their exact nature and quantities were ascertained by chemical analysis long ago, and these "saltrates" or constituent mineral elements, artificially but accurately reproduced, can be obtained as a refined compound from any chemist. It is only necessary to dissolve the powder in water, and you have a curative drink which is more convenient, much less expensive, always fresh, and far more pure and palatable than water at the natural spas. (Certain bad-tasting iodides and other undesirable impurities are eliminated in the refining.)

Some time ago Mr. Bottomley, a frequent visitor to the German spas in pre-war days, was persuaded to try a course of saltrated water as an efficient substitute. The extremely gratifying results are best explained by the following characteristic letter which the famous editor wrote to a London firm of manufacturing chemists and saltrates refiners:

> "Now that all German spas are taboo, may I congratulate you on your Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates, which to my mind (and body) beat Carlsbad into a cocked hat. In future, with your help, I shall certainly support home industries by taking my cure on the spot."

NOTE.—Alkia Saltrates is a highly refined compound which produces medicinal drinking water. Probably unequalled in its power to cure serious liver, kidney or intestinal disorders, and considered by many eminent authorities to be the best anti-rheumatic agent or blood purifier and eliminant of uric acid known to medical science at the present time. It is also widely prescribed by physicians for stomach disorders, such as hyper acidity, etc. It never irritates the kidneys or causes depressing after-effects as many salines, morning powders, and patent medicines do. The average dose is a level teaspoonful, or less, in a tumbler of water.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES.—This compound exactly reproduces the ingredients of world-famous natural curative bathing spring waters, and of course is for external use only. The strongly medicated and oxygenated water stops even the worst rheumatic or gouty aches, pains, and stiffness within ten minutes. Its strongly antiseptic and healing qualities also render the curative water highly efficacious for any bad skin affections, such as eczema, etc. As a foot bath, a fairly strong solution quickly softens corns so the whole growth comes right out, leaving no corn or root to grow again. The quantities usually prescribed are a small handful for a full bath, or a tablespoonful for a strong foot bath. Any good chemist would have these two inexpensive Saltrates compounds in stock.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL*—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of preparing a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound while trading in the North-Western States of America.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely covered with luxuriant growth, which Mr. Brittain has retained until now. He was bald for years and had tried many hair lotions and treatments without benefit.

HIS HAIR GREW.

The mixture called "Kotalko" is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. "Kotalko" has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf as well. Either sex may use it. Legions of testimonials.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of "Kotalko" may obtain one post paid by sending sixpence in stamps or postal order to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53A.), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, even if you have been bald for years, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

Any doctor will tell you

that Toffee made from pure ingredients has a high food value—but it must be pure.

To ensure quality and goodness ask always for

MACKINTOSH'S
Toffee-de-Luxe
made in eight delicious flavours

Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe has the Largest Sale in the World. The Quality Sweetmeat

8d. per ¼ lb.

Sold in 4 lb. Family Tins; Small Tins and loose by weight.

CHRONIC COUGHS

Cured by the Ideal Family Remedy.
After Eight Years of Chronic Bronchitis.

Mrs. Easthope.

Mrs. Easthope, 25, New Brunswick Street, Horwich, near Bolton, had suffered with bronchitis for eight years. The cough was very trying, and when she went to bed at night it troubled her to such an extent that she was completely exhausted.

"It was not," she says, "until I got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure that any relief came. I began taking it regularly and presently found that I was getting stronger in the chest, and the cough became easier. From that time I improved steadily until at length I was cured."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS.
LUNG TROUBLES.
NASAL CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
ASTHMA.

1/3
A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS.
INFLUENZA.

Large size, 3/- The 3/- size is the more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

When you are travelling, a glass of

STONE'S GINGER WINE

will keep out the cold.

In Bottles, from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Buffets, Theatres, etc.

Be sure you get STONE'S—Look for the NAME on the Label.

Famous since 1740.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finsbury, London, E.C.1.

ALWAYS the best & still the best TO-DAY

For making the lightest, most digestible and appetising Bread, Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

THE 'GRE-SOLVENT' way of cleaning linoleum is the easiest and most thorough. Just a little "Gre-Solvent" and NO TROUBLE is the "Gre-Solvent" way

'GRE-SOLVENT' REALLY CLEANS all dirty, greasy pans, pots, linoleum, wood-work, baths, etc., and it keeps the hands white, soft and smooth.

GET A TIN TO-DAY. Perkin & Co., Ltd., Junction Works, Leeds.

Ironmongers, Stores, From Grocers,

IN TINS, 4½d.; 8d. 1/9

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 816. Week ending Saturday, January 21st, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

France and Us.

Notwithstanding the attitude of a section of the French Press, which need not be too seriously regarded, a close understanding with France should, in our opinion, be the cornerstone of British foreign policy. But it would be nice if M. Poincaré or someone else could be a little more explicit about those submarines.

A Slump in Candidates.

Despite rumours to the contrary, there will be nothing like the 400 Labour Candidates projected at the next General Election—come when it may. The reason is simple. The Party war chest is depleted, and cash in these matters is ever the determining factor.

Wee Frees and Labour.

As we said last week, there will be no alliance between the "Wee Frees" and Labour, in the ordinary sense of the word. But it is more than likely that they will try and arrange matters as to what seats they will fight respectively—and leave unfought. If they succeed, the Coalition will need a new war cry more than ever.

A Game to Watch.

It is not unlikely that before long we may be in a position to publish full details of a first-class Football scandal. The development of "punting" in connection with the game has not been an unmixed blessing.

Exit Dublin Castle.

So Dublin Castle is to go—after a century of agitation! The fervour of O'Connell, the eloquence of Gladstone, the sagacity of Parnell—these could not prevail against it in three generations. But three years of Sinn Fein and terrorism, and it is doomed. No wonder people persist in being unconstitutional!

The Other "Nation."

There is no shocking some people. Here is the *Nation* worrying itself over the fate of Speyer, the Traitor Baronet. "I don't even find that the Committee alleges a serious offence against him," says Mr. Massingham. Well, well! And in our innocence we always supposed that treason in the midst of a great war *was* serious!

Purge the Roll!

Now that Speyer has ceased to be an "Englishman," it is clear that he cannot retain his title. The name of that other traitor, Jonas—one-time Lord Mayor of Sheffield—was struck off the Roll of Baronets. We hear that some who belong to that ancient Order insist upon the precedent being followed without delay.

The Boxing Championship.

Is not it a humiliating reflection that Britain, the home of boxing, is unable to find a native capable of lowering the colours of either the French or American Champion? The decadence of sport has always been synonymous with national decay.

The Right Stuff.

We had a word with Cook after the big fight last Thursday, and found him taking his defeat like a man, while not pretending to relish it. Though entirely outclassed by the Frenchman, the Australian boy is "game."

BIGGEST
EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE
£2,000
FOR TEN.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Our Sporting Chancellor.

Just back from Switzerland, where he had made the most of the winter sports, the Lord Chancellor turned up fresh as paint at the Albert Hall, being among the most alert and interested spectators of the fight, and one of the first to shake hands with Carpentier in the dressing-room. Wonderful "F. E."!

British Prestige.

The Foreign Office in its wisdom has decided that the maltreatment of British subjects who fought with the Spanish Legion in Morocco affords "no grounds for representations to the Spanish Government." The fine old motto, *Civis Britannicus Sum*, is getting terribly flyblown of late.

The Irish Guerillas.

By the way, if Spain wants any more "foreign legionaries" to do her dirty work, there are said to be seven thousand gunmen in Belfast alone, and many more in other parts of Ireland, who would be none the worse for a Continental holiday.

Efficiency at Last.

Who shall say that our Public Departments are not now conducted upon strict business lines? The Ministry of Health, for instance, has just issued a new form of Annual Financial Return for the use of local authorities, consisting of only ten pages, but requiring a memorandum of eight closely printed pages of foolscap to explain it—it being demanded that some of the figures shall be worked out to three decimal places of a penny!

Phut!

We notice that the George H. Cox Institute for "Mind and Memory Training," against which we successfully defended a libel action the other day, has gone into liquidation. "Nature's Perfect Process" is thus complete.

Mind Torture.

Apparently the Committee appointed by the Ministry of Health to enquire into the treatment of lunatics is not to be at liberty to recommend changes in the existing law. As a way of shelving a troublesome subject, this expedient is both novel and neat.

The Dream and the Business.

Apropos of the Washington suggestion that submarines should be barred on the ground that they are inhuman, why not include poison gas, shrapnel, aerial torpedoes, and, in fact, all lethal weapons? It would be so much more logical—and just as effective *till the next war comes along!*

The Cocoa Cure-All.

It is curious to recall the brave words of the Temperance Reformer, who used to assure us that drink was the cause of nine-tenths of crime. Admittedly the nation has never been so sober as now—and the crime wave beats all records! "Prophecy was ever the most gratuitous form of error."

Hanging the Kaiser.

According to Mr. Morris Ginsberg, M.A., who has written a book on *The Psychology of Society*, "The kind of response that is evoked in the mind of a person reading the words 'Hang the Kaiser' on a placard does not deserve the name opinion." Presumably it is just an instinctive sense of outraged decency.

Those Roads!

If the Government really want to tackle the unemployed problem, why don't they put the men on to repair the country roads near London? Some are in a deplorable state—especially those of Essex near the Saffron Waldon district. But perhaps it saves trouble to go on giving men the dole for nothing. And, anyway, the public pays.

Twelve a Penny.

Surely our contemporary, the *Daily Herald*, must be in error in saying that "Edward Bowler (40), a stoker, asked for a penny. The man approached said 'I am a police officer,' and Bowler remarked 'That is unfortunate.' He was at Middlesex Sessions sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment." The report of the proceedings must have been incomplete.

Only the "Screws" Can Shift 'Em!

The public may protest till all is blue. Our legislators may rage in the House of Commons till the Speaker is driven to distraction. Appeals to the official conscience find nobody at home. But a suspicion having arisen that the St. James's Park Lake is giving the stickfasts a touch of rheumatism, and lo! within a week the exodus is planned and decided. Three cheers for Rheumatics!

Charity Breeds Contempt.

"He never thinks of work now he gets a guinea dole weekly and free dinners for the children, and gets up at three in the afternoon." So speaks a Willesden wife bitterly of her husband. But how frequently has this journal, after proving by facts and figures that the dole kills the spirit of industry in men, suggested ways and means of providing productive work in abundance? Yet the authorities let things slide from bad to worse.

Why Not the Dock?

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company attend so little to the safety or comfort of animals committed to their charge that a horse died from injuries due to its box being smaller than its body! But what does this callous concern care for the fine of £10 inflicted as a penalty for the cruelty? The Directors are morally as guilty as the person actually handling the horse, and this might have been brought home to them by an appearance in the dock.

Hun-Seasoned Pianos.

One of the biggest pianoforte makers in Britain recently closed down because he could no longer pay good wages and compete with foreign instruments. The sequel is a flood of German rubbish, bought cheaply because of the low exchange. The unfortunate purchasers presently find switchback keyboards and Salome legs, owing to the warping and twisting of the unseasoned and inferior materials. The only remedy for the foolish who buy is to insist on a warranty from the knaves who sell—then there might be fewer of each kind.

Tax Assessors' Tactics.

Those estimable gentry, the Assessors of Income Tax, have started the New Year with a new stunt. They are now demanding a hundred or two more from anyone whose income return they imagine ought to be more, leaving it to their unfortunate victim to go to the trouble and expense of proving them wrong. A tradesman rendering an account and sticking a few pounds on would be held guilty of sharp practice or worse. Yet a Government Department, it seems, can do much the same unchallenged. Funny, isn't it?

For This Relief, Much Thanks.

When Mr. Erskine Childers, the English Irish-Republican, began to bait Mr. Griffith in the Dail, the newly-elected President jumped to his feet and asserted angrily that he would not reply to "any damned Englishman" in that assembly. Retorted Childers: "I am not going to defend my nationality in public. I shall be delighted to prove to you in private that I am not, in the true sense of the word, an Englishman." We never thought he was; or, rather, we never took him to be a true Englishman—which, perhaps, isn't quite the same thing. Anyway, we're grateful.

Relief Work and Labour.

Shortly before Christmas certain sewer reconstruction work was put in hand at Bermondsey for the relief of the unemployed. At a Council meeting last week it was pointed out that the rate of wages did not comply with the Government conditions, and that sanction to the grant was conditional. A resolution that the conditions should be complied with was defeated, mainly owing to the adverse vote of Labour. Two hundred men are affected. For the life of us we are unable to appreciate the wisdom of such a policy on the part of those who claim to represent the working man.

Fiddling Whilst Rome Burns.

The Rev. C. E. Douglas is not satisfied with the decision of the Bishop of Oxford, who refused to sanction the impeachment of the Rev. Dr. Henry D.A. Major, Principal of Ripon Hall. The Doctor had the temerity to announce his disbelief in a physical resurrection. Mr. Douglas is now appealing to His Grace of Canterbury. Without venturing into this theological maze, we would respectfully suggest that all the reverend gentlemen would be more fittingly employed in teaching the quick how to live than in worrying about the bodies of the dead. The Mormons are after the souls of our womenfolk. *There's* a job for the parsons to hand! By the time they settle that to our satisfaction, we will have thought of something else.

? "IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?" ?
For apt answers to this and other "QUEERIES" £50 (First Prize) and over 300 other prizes will be awarded. Full particulars and coupons in this week's
? "PASSING SHOW" ?
&
"LONDON MAIL"
? *On Sale Everywhere* - - - - 2d. ?

A Foolish Summons.

The Port of London Authority may have thought August too hot to summon Laurence Slattery, of Richmond, and have, therefore, just taken the complaint off the ice. Accused of carrying 15 passengers in his launch licensed for 12, it appears that two of the surplus three were crew and two were children not charged for. Also that this desperate criminal had saved 40 lives while plying on the river, while this complaint was the first for forty years. The Bench rightly showed their appreciation of his record, and their opinion of the charge, by a nominal fine of 5s. The Port of London Authority stand deservedly snubbed.

The Choice of Evils.

We are not concerned with the domestic difficulties between Arthur Alfred Gunn Andrews, a weather observer for the City of London Electric Light Company, and his wife. It is their son who interests us. This lad, Reginald Gordon Andrews, 18, of Bradiston Road, Paddington, was summoned for assaulting his father. The youth explained that while his mother was bending down preparing dinner his father raised his stick to strike her, and it was in her defence that he interfered. "You are entitled to defend your mother from violence," said Mr. Leycester, and dismissed the summons. We agree. We don't like the idea of a boy striking his father, but we like the idea of a boy allowing his mother to be struck much less.

Another Water Famine.

For a town like Northampton to go dry almost suggests that we are living back in the Middle Ages. The taps give out air the best part of the day, and mothers manage to get enough water for washing when it is time to go to bed. In addition, most of the supply has been declared unfit for drinking. Surely it is time the authorities woke up?

Milk and Muck.

To the Friern Barnet Council, an authority which controls a district from which a lot of milk comes to the Metropolis, the Health Committee reported that a bottle of it recently sold by a local dairy company had been certified by the Medical Officer of Health as "unwholesome and unfit for the food of man," but "for various reasons" the Committee did not propose to take action. Why not? It is a strange world, my masters!

Fox at the "Fox."

That must be a foxy policeman who has caught Mr. James Pratt, landlord of the Fox Inn, Victoria Road, St. Philip's, Bristol, drawing a woman who had asked for only a half-pint of beer five fluid ounces over the same; to wit, three-quarters of a pint. Also it is a pity the constable could not find another job. It quite coincides with our view that the Magistrates mercifully bound over Mr. Pratt. Next time he serves bitter he will know better.

Penalised for Patriotism.

It seems rather rough that many ex-Service men, in consequence of their service, will be denied the benefit of the rebate on the price of gas promised by the Birmingham Corporation. This privilege is to be restricted to tenants who have occupied the same house for ten consecutive years or more. Householders who left for duty overseas in many cases broke the sequence of their tenancy, and are consequently penalised for their patriotism. The Birmingham Corporation might well look into this matter.

Driving Trade to Germany.

The wool-combing industry in Bradford is working at high pressure, yet so brisk is the demand that English firms are unable to cope with it during the ordinary working hours. Scarcely a single operative is idle. The trade unions, however, have definitely refused to permit overtime to be worked, and many orders are going to Germany. If this isn't industrial suicide we have forgotten the English language. The only circumstance in which such a rule should be enforced is when the working of overtime by some keeps others out of employment.

Pure and Undefiled.

No longer need the finger of scorn and contumely be pointed at Broadstairs, with whisperings that it is a blasphemous place. The Home Secretary has just discovered that the local Council possessed no authority to prohibit the use of obscene language on the sands or jetty, so that a man smarting under woes or worries might step on to the pier and pour out his soul in profanity without let or hindrance. An Order however, has been hurriedly made rectifying the defect. Residents wishing to cuss will in future be compelled to seek the seclusion of the coal cellar.

Too Hot!

Some people have extraordinary ideas as to appropriate methods of correcting their children. Mrs. Beatrice Poynton, a Newark widow, is one of the some. She has a little five-year-old daughter who is constantly gnawing at her nails. To cure her of this habit Mrs. Poynton burned the child's finger tips with a hot poker. A kind-hearted Magistrate merely bound her over!

Open the Zoo!

The Zoological Society is paying dearly for its Victorian snobbery. Despite the fact that last year was one of the hottest on record, there was a decrease of a quarter of a million of visitors compared with 1920, while there was a drop in gate money of nearly three thousand pounds. This is because the Zoo is reserved on Sundays for a few people who are in a position to go during the week, while the mass of people are shut out on the only day they are free.

Private Privilege at Public Cost.

Residents of Leyton whose front gardens are near the L.G.O.C. garage had better keep their gates closed, or they may find a couple of "K" buses dumped there for an hour or so till it is convenient to garage them. The L.G.O.C., on being fined for coolly leaving four of these vehicles unattended in the public road, were very grieved at the gentle hint, impressed by a fine of 40s., that the public roads are the property of and maintained by the ratepayers.

A Wicked Woman.

Mrs. Lavini Pearman, a skipper's wife, of Grimsby, is a wicked woman. At Christmas she went away, leaving her retriever with a litter of pups locked in the house, and they had neither food nor water for several days. The dog was left so ravenously hungry that when her whining attracted attention, neighbours looking through the house window saw the poor starving beast licking whitewash from the wall. For this abominable cruelty Mrs. Pearman has been fined 40s. and costs, a penalty quite inadequate to her offence.

East Comes West.

Driven from their holes in Limehouse, the dealers in dope are boldly invading the West End. Cheang Tang, a Chinaman, relying on the free and easy manners of this country, which culpably permits coloured scoundrels almost unlimited licence to molest and betray white women, coolly plies his trade in the open street, soliciting girls and women to buy opium—at least a pound of this soul and body killing stuff being found on him. Here is better work for the police than harrying shopkeepers who sell matches after eight.

How Not to Do It.

We cannot see how such scenes as occurred at a meeting of the Rochford Board of Guardians benefit anybody on earth. A deputation from Southend unemployed refused to withdraw after submitting certain proposals, and the Chairman gave instructions that the police should be telephoned for. Followed a struggle, in which the Medical Officer, Vice-Chairman and other members of the Board took part. They succeeded in flooring the deputation, who, on the arrival of the police, were escorted from the building. Such violent scenes strike us as a bit un-British.

Getting Blood from a Stone.

A resident of Loughton, Essex, has been summoned for non-payment of rates. The facts, as disclosed to the Court, were that after paying other expenses only 16s. 9d. was left to provide six persons with food for the week. He had sold most of the furniture, and now the house was practically bare. The Rate Collector, Mr. J. W. Faulkner, stated that he was instructed to apply for a distress warrant, but not to put it into operation under seven days. But why waste public money in such futile hounding of a broken and penniless man? There are cases where mercy and economy are first cousins.

"Farm-yard Morality."

The Rev. Herbert Williams, Vicar of Teddington, is an outspoken gentleman. "The morality amongst the young men and women in the parish who do not receive Divine grace is simply awful, and may be likened to farm-yard morality," he writes in his magazine. We decline to believe that this is generally applicable to the young people of the district. An old resident in the neighbourhood tells us that it is neither better nor worse than others in which he has pitched his tent; and he likens the outpourings of the cleric to the braying of the animal whose distinguishing feature is its ears. To overstate a case is to weaken it.

Just Coming Out!

The new "PICTURES," which is printed entirely in photogravure in 4 colours, include 6 complete Film Stories, London and Provincial Kinema Guide, and 10 other fine features.

Monthly One Shilling PICTURES THE SCREEN MAGAZINE *Order your copy TO-DAY.*

Strong-arm Salesmanship.

Peddlers of small goods might take warning by the fine of 45s., or thirty-six days' imprisonment, inflicted on James Rogers at Greenwich. This individual, in pressing his patent cleanser on a lady of Catford, damaged her furniture and became abusive, adding bad language and threats to his previous offences. There is little to be said for the manners or manliness of several men who refused to call the police. That bread is hard to win nowadays is true, but bullying and abuse make it no easier.

One Law for the Rich——?

Gertrude MacCallan, of Bedford Gardens, Kensington, who was charged at Westminster with shoplifting at Harvey Nicholl's, is of good social position. When stopped by one of the detective staff she said she did not know how she came into possession of the stockings and silk jumper which she had hidden under her fur stole and beneath her coat. "I don't want the things. Let me pay for them and give them to a charity," she pleaded. Two eminent physicians certified that she was suffering with severe paroxysmal headaches and from a form of megrim, and Mr. Chapman discharged her on payment of 5 guineas costs. We do not question the diagnoses of the doctors, but we do venture to doubt whether a poor woman would have received like consideration. If there is anything in the theory of reincarnation, we advise our readers to choose their parents with care when next they descend into a world of temptation.

A Bad Lot.

Albert Edward Pudney has been given the Christian names of one of the greatest Royal sportsmen who ever lived, but he tried to rook a bookie by sending slips containing winning bets after the race was over, and, to make matters worse, attempted to bribe a postman to assist him in his dishonest designs. The fine of £25 or three months imposed on him by the Greenwich Magistrate was none too severe.

Squisting Just'ce.

At St. Albans, a film-producing company's accountant was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing £1,250. He pleaded that he had a "dual personality." At Cardiff, a bank manager and an accountant, who pleaded nothing but guilty, were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the second division on five charges of fraud involving several thousand pounds. Both these sentences cannot be right. It seems about time Justice consulted an oculist.

Cow-ee-e!

There is no question that in a properly governed community dairymen would not be allowed to deliver milk to customers in the way they do; therefore the proposal that it should be compulsorily classified and delivered in sealed bottles ought to be popularly supported. Retailers assert that if this system is adopted they cannot reduce the price. But they have not shown any noticeable alacrity in doing so apart from it. So why worry?

Tragedy.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the eminent dramatist, told an interviewer that the tragedy of the dramatic world to-day is that we have so few actors who can act. "I have four or five original plays on hand," he said, "one of which I believe to contain the best work I have ever done." But a writer is so seldom a reliable judge of his own creations. Might there not be something in the view that the tragedy is due to the fact that there are so few playwrights who can "deliver the goods"?

The Truth at Last!

The Court of Inquiry which sat upon the R.38 disaster reported that the system of construction and inspection was unsound, and that there was "a lack of vital aerodynamical information in regard to the effect of modifications on the strength of the structure." The Board of Admiralty Committee have replied that no undue risk was taken in the design, and no modifications made in the main structure. Additions were made in weight, but nothing to affect the structural strength. So that's that, and now we know. But the thing *did* crumple up, didn't it? Pure cussedness, perhaps.

In These Hard Times.

The splendid first prize of £1,000 in our "Bullets" Competition is still for the winning this week. The possibility of becoming the possessor of so handsome a sum should stimulate effort. At the same time, all competitors stand an equal chance, for all attempts are judged solely on their merit, and that of the novice may prove superior to that of the oldest Bulleteer. In these hard times a prize of such magnitude will indeed prove a godsend to the winner.

KARL SPILHAUS AS A BRITISH-ENVOY!

INSIDIOUS GERMAN PLOT THAT MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD.

PRACTICALLY the whole of South Africa is ablaze with indignation as a result of the appointment of a German to fill the position of Trade Commissioner for Europe. The decision, arrived at secretly, without consultation even with the various Chambers of Commerce, is regarded by patriotic citizens as a wily Hun plot to undermine British influence in the Union. A fortnight ago we wrote a paragraph saying that we should like to know a little more about the antecedents of Mr. Karl Spilhaus, who had been selected by the Union Government to fill this eminently desirable position. By return post we received from one of our readers a bulky packet containing cuttings culled from South African newspapers, and sent to him by a brother resident in that country. From these extracts it is plainly apparent that the appointment of Karl is anything but a popular one. "The newspapers here," writes our distant friend, "are doing their utmost to spoil Karl's little game. Cannot you persuade some paper in England to take the matter up? Spilhaus is a red-hot German. *Now* what do you think of Smuts?"

WHO KARL IS.

The last sentence we shall leave until we have dealt with Karl. No doubt the latter is an amiable gentleman unto himself, as are the rest of his kin, especially when he sees on the horizon a backdoor opportunity of helping his brother Huns at the expense of those he is assuming to serve. There are candid critics in South Africa who share our view of the Hun, and there are others who, as their brethren in this country, are willing to forgive and forget. "There are two sorts of Germans," is their cry. We agree. They come in the categories "bad" and "very bad." Karl Spilhaus may be included in the latter, for his actions personify him as the worst possible type of citizen. Look at his record. Some 20 years ago he went to South Africa from his Fatherland as spotless an example of the Junker type that one could wish to behold. Overbearing and brusque in manner, he had more the aspect of a Prussian brass-hat than a tactful man of commerce—disadvantages which he still retains—and he seldom lost an opportunity of spreading the gospel of his beloved *Kultur*. At the outbreak of war he ostentatiously gave a hearty send-off to Baron von Humboldt, German Consul-General in Capetown, when the latter sailed from Table Bay. About the same time he proposed the toast of the Kaiser at the German Club in Capetown. But where was Karl when the order went forth that all Germans were to be interned? Valiant were his efforts to hide his nationality, and oh! so like a Hun his cringing endeavours to win the favour of some official who might be persuaded to plead for his liberty. So contrite was Karl that one official was gulled into offering £5,000 as surety for this despicable creature's good conduct. There were no "takers." Karl had to go. But only for a week. By some mysterious plan he succeeded in winning favour, and he was set free to pass the "duration" on a lonely farm. Came November 11th, 1918, and the Junker's return to town life. The Graaf Trust welcomed him with open arms, from where he migrated to the German shipping firm of Poppe, Schunhoff and Guttery. In 1920, having come to the conclusion that Germany had really lost the war, Karl decided to become a citizen of the British Empire. Or, maybe, he came to the conclusion that by putting his signature to a scrap of paper he could better serve his country—especially at this juncture, when the appointment of a Trade Commissioner for Europe was being mooted and a little bird had whispered in his ear "Here's your opportunity."

JUST THE VERY THING.

Let us give Karl credit for recognising a good thing when he sees it. This position of "Commercial Attaché" carries with it a fat salary, sumptuous offices in Rotterdam and a large staff. The man in charge would have full control of all trade between Europe and South Africa, and naturally, if Herr Spilhaus is allowed to get his feet firmly planted in Holland, there is nothing more certain than that he would fall an easy victim to the virus carried by the trade winds from Germany, and within a very short time the death-blow to British commercial relations with South Africa would follow. Unfortunately, the appointment was made known to the public at an inopportune moment. Some time previously, while in London, General Smuts granted an interview to a representative of *De Volkstem*, Pretoria, in which he is reported to have hinted that "the business relations of the Union with Germany would grow at the expense of our relations with other countries." The impression created by the statement, taken in conjunction with the appointment of Herr Spilhaus, has placed General Smuts in bad odour. The latter announcement, a South African contemporary points out:

> is certainly a natural sequel to the anticipation that our trade with Germany will develop so enormously, and our trade with Britain recede so disastrously, as to bring about virtually the cutting of the painter with the Mother Country in substantial things; after which the removal of mere sentimental ties, such perhaps as the extinction of the office of Governor-General, would follow as a matter of course, leaving us with that complete sovereignty to which General Smuts, in this interview with *De Volkstem*, clearly aspires.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

Whatever may have been in the mind of General Smuts when he granted the much-discussed interview, South Africans whose loyalty to Great Britain remains unimpaired view the situation seriously. By his many acts the Premier of the Union has abundantly shown his friendship for this country, but as head of the Government, though not directly concerned, he is held responsible for the ascendency of Herr Karl, and as the Government have shown no inclination to change their minds on the subject, but have rather gone out of their way to defend the choice they have made, people of every class are voicing their protests. South Africa has produced men of fine calibre. Doubtless there are many young fellows in the country to-day with commercial abilities equal, at any rate, to those possessed by the untrustworthy Hun whose appointment is nothing more or less than an insult to the intelligence of a patriotic people. Hundreds of those who but a few short years ago made history at Delville Wood and elsewhere are walking the streets of Capetown, Pretoria and Johannesburg willing to go over the top again in the great trade push, the signal for which they are anxiously awaiting. They don't want a Hun to give them the cue or garner the harvest of their labours. If the strong protests that are now being made are not sufficient to persuade the Government to remove Karl, perhaps the people will take the matter in their own hands and force him to abdicate.

CRUSHING BURDENS.

PARLOUS POSITION OF WELSH COLLIERY TENANTS.

The colliers of Kenfig Hill, Glamorgan, are domiciled in houses provided by the Colliery proprietors, for which 14s. 6d. a week is payable, that sum being docked from their wages. During the strike period, however, the men earned no money, and their rents consequently fell in arrear, a position which the trade depression which followed the resumption of work did not improve. By an arrangement with the Colliery, the rate collector contrived that his bit also should be deducted—so that after subtracting rent, rates, instalments on account of arrears, coal, doctor's fund and what not, practically the whole of the men's wages were swallowed up. It is true that the officials advance a small sum to tide the unfortunates over the week, allowing them to work off the arrears when the Colliery is on full time. But the fact remains that the men are never out of debt and never wholly independent of their "benefactors"—a state of affairs that is wholly undesirable. The colliers are now endeavouring to secure an abatement of rental, and in their quest we wish them luck.

AUTOCRATS AT THE GOLF CLUB.

PEER NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR RICHMOND.

What brand of aristocratic bigwigs does the Committee of the Richmond Golf Club consist of? We are prompted to ask the question by the fact that the nomination of Lord Swaythling was withdrawn at the request of the Committee, who were anxious, forsooth, to spare his Lordship the ignominy of being blackballed. Now Lord Swaythling is the head of the eminent banking firm of Samuel Montagu and Co. Over a dozen reputable proposed new members have failed to gain election in as many months. And it is a significant fact that, while every one of these was nominated by a private member, not a single candidate proposed by a Committeeman has suffered a like fate. Who is the autocrat, or who are the autocrats? The members have a right to know, and it is pleasant to learn that many of them are up in arms, and are determined to put a stop to this un-British state of affairs. To blackball any man without a good and sufficient reason, merely out of prejudice or because of narrow-mindedness, savours too much of stabbing in the back.

A WORD FROM A WINNER.

SOME INTERESTING "BULLETS" INFORMATION.

The winner of the First Prize of £250 in "Bullets" Competition No. 433—Mr. H. Rowse, of 5, Bismarck Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds—has a very special reason to be delighted with his success. On the 25th of this month he will take unto himself a wife. Mr. Rowse is only twenty-three years of age, and next month will have been out of the Army two years. We are delighted to have been the unconscious means of adding a rosier hue to his romance, and of giving the young couple a good start. Money does not always mean happiness, but it cannot be denied that happiness can, in certain circumstances, be much enhanced by money; and we venture to think that so useful a sum as £250 will be found sufficient to intensify the joy of the bride and bridegroom on their wedding day. Mr. Rowse has always taken a keen interest in "Bullets," but, although a persevering competitor, has not been successful before. It savours of the romantic, therefore, that his first win should be so substantial and at so opportune a moment.

Things looking bad? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

A MIDNIGHT MELEE.

STRANGE NOCTURNAL HAPPENINGS IN NEWCASTLE

The other day at Newcastle a taxi-cab driver named John William Swinbank was charged with refusing, when disengaged on a public cabstand, to take employment though offered it, and also with having assaulted a police constable. The story told by the prosecution was that soon after two in the morning two constables, in plain clothes went to the cabstand where Swinbank's vehicle was apparently ready for hire. When they said they wanted the car, he murmured something and then replied that it was out of order. The police allege that one of the constables said he would take the number of the cab, and the defendant struck him in the face, a struggle ensuing, in which they closed and fell. Swinbank, they assert, was under the influence of drink, and was taken to the police-station, resisting all the way. They stated further that the taxi was eventually found to be in order, and was driven to the station by a fireman.

Conflicting Stories.

The only witnesses for the prosecution were the two policemen concerned, who stated, in cross-examination, that they saw no other person there and spoke to none. They handcuffed their prisoner in Pink Lane, they said, on account of his violent resistance. Swinbank's legal representative, however, put it to the Court that, previous to the constables coming to him, his client had had to refuse fares—one of whom always gave him a substantial tip—because he could not get his engine to start. The patron in question, a Mr. Hedley, wanted to be driven home after he had garaged his own car, but had to be refused. Swinbank himself, in the box, declared that all he had had to drink was one glass of beer, and that he tried to start the car in the presence of the constables, who knocked him down and struck him while he was on the ground and then handcuffed him. He said the police at first alleged that he was drunk in charge of a taxi, and in consequence he asked to be examined by a doctor. The police, however, deny that he made the request.

Independent Evidence.

The most important evidence of all, in our opinion, was given for the defence by Mr. Hedley, who appeared in answer to a subpœna. He stated that he saw the officers and Swinbank struggling on the ground. "The two detectives," he said, "were on top of the man, and one was hitting him in the face. I shouted, 'Don't kill the man!' and was told 'You get off and mind your own business, or you will find yourself in trouble.' I saw the police put the handcuffs on the man when they were on top of him. I watched them going up Pink Lane, and the taxi-man was yelling 'Murder!'" Now this is the evidence of a responsible citizen, a member of a local firm of hay and corn merchants, who cannot possibly be suspected of a desire to avenge himself upon the police by bearing false witness against them. His explanation of his failure to go to the police station and state what he had seen was that a third constable had said to him, "What do you know about it? Don't interfere with the law, or you will get into trouble too." Swinbank was examined at the station by the Police Surgeon, who found him sober, with his upper lip considerably swollen—which was quite compatible with his having been struck on the mouth. In the circumstances, the Bench had no option but to dismiss the summons, but we fail to notice any Magisterial comment on the case. The matter is one which demands fuller inquiry. Incidentally, let us mention that Swinbank, who is supposed to have fought two burly constables, is a man with an artificial leg!

OFFICIALDOM'S ORDEAL FOR THE OLD.

IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS TO AGED WARRIOR.

Someone has well said that a Government Department has no more soul than a gasometer. The truth of this rather caustic comment is amply illustrated by a case of glaring ineptitude and callous cruelty on the part of the Pensions Office which has recently been brought to our notice. The story concerns an old soldier, Mr. Samuel George Firth, who attained his seventieth birthday on December 16th last. He had 19½ years Colour service to his credit in the days before boy service counted towards pension, and he therefore draws nothing from a grateful country. He has, therefore, been compelled to apply for an Old Age Pension, and has received from the Pension Office situated at 1, Peckham Road, S.E., this document:—

State your father's full name:
Your father's occupation:
Your mother's full name:
Your mother's maiden name:
Where you were born:
Where were you living in April, 1861:
With whom were you living in April, 1861:
The names of all your brothers and sisters (including any who have died); giving the dates of their birth:
Give the names and address of three persons (not relatives) who have known you for 12 of the last 20 years:

It would be difficult to imagine a more refined piece of cruelty than this utterly useless probing into the family history of an aged citizen whose military record alone should secure him, not only from the indigence of hard times, but also from impertinent inquisition. It would be interesting to know how much Government stationery is wasted in the course of a year on this twaddle, and we express a pious hope that the Geddes Economy Committee will turn their attention to these parasitic officials, whose chief occupation seems to be the production of useless forms.

THE WAKEFORD CASE.

EX-ARCHDEACON ADDRESSING MORE MEETINGS.

Public interest in the Wakeford Case shows no sign of abatement. A number of further meetings are being arranged, and amongst these will be two at Chester Drill Hall, on Thursday, January 26th, at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m., both of which will be addressed by Mr. Wakeford. Meanwhile, applications for the forms of the Petition to the King for the re-opening of the case are much in demand, and they can now be signed at the following addresses:—

Birkenhead: Messrs. Scadding Brothers.
Bolton: Mr. J. Brooks, 17, Halliwell Road.
Bournemouth: Mr. E. Malcolm Scott, 49, Talbot Road.
Bristol: Bristol Advertising Co., 1, Broad Quay.
Cardiff: Mr. J. A. Brown, 207, Bute Street.
Dublin: Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot St.
King's Lynn: Mr. C. H. Plowright, Tower Street.
London: The John Bull Pen Depots at 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4; 265, Strand, W.C.2; 323, High Holborn, W.C.1; 72, New Oxford Street, W.C.1; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.; 87, Long Acre, W.C.2. John Bull Editorial Offices (first floor), 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Newcastle: Mr. G. J. Jones, 15, Church View, Cross Heath.
Portsmouth: John Bull Pen Depot, 214, Commercial Road.

In addition, the Rev. E. Street, M.A., 33, Eardley Crescent, London, S.W.5, and the Rev. W. F. John Timbrell, Coddington Rectory, Chester, will be pleased to receive signatures, and any number of forms can be obtained from the Chief Commissioner, John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Each form has space for ten signatures.

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IS
EVERYTHING
THESE DAYS!
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Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Asthma.

QUICK AND EASY HOME CURE.

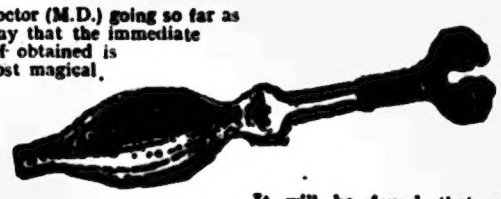
Send for Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and Learn of a Quick and Easy Commonsense Home Cure.

IT IS FREE.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupation, he has published a most interesting little book called the "Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it. The thousands already cured include sufferers from:—

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,

A doctor (M.D.) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained is almost magical.



It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough or Tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished. The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

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will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous attempts have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

OUR CRUSADE FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

TASK THAT MUST BE GRAPPLED WITH IF WE ARE TO BUILD AN "A.1" NATION.

TO-DAY, one of the nation's most priceless possessions is its children, and yet how little real care is expended upon them. Even before birth they may be handicapped in their start in life by the disease or physical infirmity of thoughtless parents, while after they have been ushered into a selfish and intolerant world their welfare is often the very last thing to be considered. They may be overlaid or suffocated in bed by ignorant or drunken mothers; they may be fed with liquids and substances that do nothing but positive harm to their feeble frames; and, as the months go by, they may be denied the fresh air and the medical attention which alone can bring them health and happiness. As a matter of hard fact, in 1919, the last year for which complete statistics are available, 61,715 infants died in England and Wales under the age of one year, or out of every thousand children born eighty-nine died before they became twelve months old, while the death rate of illegitimate children was twice that number! Nothing, indeed, but monstrous neglect can account for such an appalling array of figures.

HELPLESS CHILDREN.

It is all very well to claim that millions of the taxpayers' money are spent on clinics, crèches, schools, homes, and hospitals. The fact remains that all around are thousands of cripples, youthful mental deficients, and diseased, tortured and disfigured boys and girls. It was actually left to the private enterprise of that excellent philanthropist, the late Sir Arthur Pearson, to provide for thousands of slum children a day in the country, where they could behold with their own eyes the varied beauties of Nature, and purify their lungs in the health-giving atmosphere which Providence designed as the rightful heritage of every man, woman and child. In another direction, almost too horrible to mention, the Salvation Army, alone among all the scores of expensively run societies and organisations in this country, have provided for the hundreds of innocent mites born into the world every year as a result of vile and unnatural unions. What the fate of these babes would have been without such help and care is too awful to contemplate. Such things as these must not be. Every *dog* is said to have his day, and in the times to come every *child* must have his or her chance, and it must be part of our chosen duty to see that it is so. Many parents, however genuinely anxious for the welfare of their offspring, are in absolute ignorance of the best course to adopt for their physical welfare, and needless pain and expense is the only result. A great deal of this, however, can now be quickly rectified, at any rate so far as the readers of JOHN BULL are concerned.

SOME STRIKING CURES.

For instance, a short time ago a little girl of ten saw in a window the photographs of some crippled children who had been cured of their deformities, and she at once thought of her little brother of six who was suffering from a club-foot. With wonderful intuition she realised that, if others had been healed, there was a chance for her brother. She spoke about the matter to her parents, who were inspired by her childish persistence to write to us—with the ultimate result that an operation was performed and the boy is now almost entirely cured. In the autumn of last year a little mite of ten months old was found to be suffering from a malformation of the mouth. Owing to the difficulty of feeding it, the child was being gradually starved to death. The father, having failed to secure any proper treatment, brought the case to our notice, with the happy outcome that after some negotiation the infant was admitted to a special hospital, and a successful operation was performed. This baby is now daily gaining health and strength. Yet another interesting case was recently brought to our attention. A little girl of eleven summers had suffered all her life from brain trouble, being blind and unable to walk alone. At our instigation a special report on the child's case was obtained, when it was found that she was very seriously ill and might possibly die suddenly. She had been examined at three local hospitals who reported her practically incurable! She was eventually admitted to a special institution for epilepsy and paralysis, and now, after several months, we are informed that the girl has made really marvellous progress and is quite a different child, being able to walk and do things for herself. These three cases have been selected, practically at random, from scores which have been brought to our notice, in the majority of which it has been possible to render valuable and highly appreciated help. We are, of course, aware that throughout the length and breadth of the land there are still hundreds of similar cases, and it is therefore the purpose of this article to invite parents and guardians who have children in their care suffering from some hitherto apparently incurable infirmity, to communicate with us, in the first instance by letter only, and it will be our joy and privilege to render freely any assistance in our power.

A GREAT TASK.

We do not, of course, suggest that in every instance it will be possible to effect a miraculous cure, or even to make a remarkable improvement in the condition of these pitiable mites, but every properly authenticated case sent to us shall be carefully studied and considered, and frank advice given as to whether or no anything can be done. It is a great responsibility to undertake, and we face it with no misconception as to the scope of the work involved; but we are determined that in the year upon which we have just entered no stone shall be left unturned to better the lot and condition of those who as yet have had no helper.

STARVING AND STEALING.

FORTNIGHT'S GAOL FOR TAKING BREAD.

A labourer named Jesse Prentice has been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment by the South Lopham (Norfolk) Magistrates for stealing two loaves of bread. Now, in the eyes of the law it is as wicked to steal necessary bread as to steal useless things like diamonds. Self-preservation, however, is the first law of nature, and if a man have not bread wherewith to stifle the poignant cravings of his empty stomach he shall die. In the case of Prentice, even Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. A. S. Leighton, admitted that "except for a minor matter when quite young, the prisoner bore a good character; he was no doubt very hard up and 'living rough,' and there was little doubt he stole the bread because he was hungry." Having regard to this fact, the jury, though bound to find the prisoner guilty, recommended him to the mercy of the Court. The Chairman of Magistrates, nevertheless, sent him to gaol for a fortnight. It is true this gentleman expressed the pious hope that the Prisoners' Aid Society would be able to assist Prentice on his release. The point we take leave to emphasise, however, is that he should not have been put into gaol at all, but should have been sent away from the precincts with a few appropriate remarks from the Chair on the horrors of hunger and possibly a little assistance in finding a decent job.

"NO CLASS!"

NOBLESSE OBLIGE DISHONOURED IN THE BREACH.

Lady Moore, of Briardale Gardens, Hampstead, evidently considers herself at least middle-class, for the day after Boxing Day she called at 60, Rosslyn Hill to pay a subscription to the Middle Class Union, but her subsequent action in regard to this subscription can best be described as "no class." The office was closed, but the door was opened by Mrs. Florence Vine, who occupies rooms at the top of the house. Lady Moore handed her an envelope, which she promised to leave on the stairs outside the office door with other letters which had been placed there to await the Secretary's arrival. This she did, and thought no more of the matter. On the following Friday Mrs. Vine was astonished at receiving a visit from the police, who asked her to go to the station. There Lady Moore charged her with stealing a letter containing a ten shilling Treasury Note. Mrs. Vine was searched, had her finger-prints taken, and was detained till her husband found bail. The poor woman came to us, and we at once provided legal assistance. When the matter came before the Court the Bench stopped the case, and told Mrs. Vine she left the Court with her character unstained. The action of Lady Moore in charging this poor woman without giving her a chance of explaining her position was described by the Chairman as very ill-advised and most uncharitable—which, in our opinion, was putting it mildly.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN "EDEN."

TERRIBLE TREATMENT OF BRITISH IMMIGRANTS.

Lured by promises, amounting almost to guarantees, made by the Government of West Australia, numbers of our ex-Service officers and men have emigrated to that Dominion during the last year. Some were attracted to the Peel Estate, which consists of a vast unwholesome swamp, on which the immigrants were dumped and set to drain it, make roads, etc., on the understanding that each would be granted a plot of the land and a sum of £420 to build a house when the preliminary work was done. For this heavy labour they were paid no wages, but received a "sustenance grant" of 10s. a day—far less than the minimum rate of pay for navvies and labourers. Recently, however, the drainage operations—hopeless from the first—have been suspended, and the hapless immigrants, stranded and starving, have been set to cut wood at the sweating pay of 6s. 9d. a cord, whereby they can scarce earn sufficient to keep body and soul together. Perhaps the most iniquitous thing about the whole business is that the Dominion Government are continuing to encourage immigration—further shiploads of these hapless people constantly arriving. What is being done by our own authorities to safeguard the interests of British emigrants, not only to the Dominions but to other parts of the world? Nothing whatever, so far as we can discover!

If you know of a "hard case"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

LORD LONSDALE is one of the few noble and august Peers who are known to the Man-in-the-Street. His personality is familiar to sportsmen and sportswomen all over the country. In fact, he is a public personage, and every public personage is something of a Saint or a Sinner in the eyes of JOHN BULL. He has certainly made for himself a very proud and prominent place in the popular imagination. He is known to the world as England's Sporting Peer.

Many men with greater and more serious gifts than Lord Lonsdale has ever possessed have entered the Peerage and sunk into a speedy and certain oblivion. Now, Lord Lonsdale could have chosen several of many careers for himself. It might have been politics; it might have been commerce; it might even have been theology—for any of these roads to notoriety are open to a Peer. He very wisely banished all such ambitions from his mind and determined to establish a definite place for himself in the life of his generation by cultivating his native talents. He had always loved hunting and horses and boxers. So he made up his mind to become our Patron Peer of Sport. Everybody knows him. We know the saucy twirl of his hat. We know that gigantic buttonhole. And we know that invariable cigar. We know that he will be present at every boxing match of repute in the country, and we know that he will act as a sort of unofficial M.C. at every Horse Show.

Having acquired—if one may indulge in stage language—those "properties" of personality which are represented in the whiskers of a groom, the gardenia of a gardener and the cigar that smells of Throgmorton Street, Lord Lonsdale settled down to preside over the destinies of a little private parlour of boxing in Covent Garden, which is known to the world as the National Sporting Club. It is a glorious and amusing spectacle to see his Lordship sitting near the ropes at the "National" on what the daily papers describe to you as a "gala night." He thunders instructions to everybody and anybody. He talks to the Timekeeper, and is not above making suggestions to the Referee. If he is not smoking and you are, he will shout out, "Put that cigar out, sir," in stentorian tones. He will talk very loudly to the Prince of Wales or any other guest who happens to be with him, but if you make an audible remark which happens to offend his ear he will command immediate silence. Very likely you will obey. You may be somewhat awed by the presence and personality of *the* Lord Lonsdale who happens to be conducting affairs in his usual high-handed fashion at a place which sycophantic scribes are never tired of describing as "headquarters." I never knew myself why the National Sporting Club should be advertised to the world as the "headquarters" of Britain's National Sport, as the majority of our more important boxing matches take place elsewhere, under other and more individual control. But, all the same, it is very pleasant to see Lord Lonsdale—his very cheeks glowing with health, his blue eyes sparkling with pleasure and his whiskers bristling with enthusiasm—conducting the affairs of the "National" and controlling the manners of its members with pontifical grace.

None of us should ever forget the honest and sturdy attitude which he has taken when the sporting instincts of JOHN BULL's readers have been assailed. He has been a foe to Pussyfoot, to pacificism, and to all the effeminate intrigues of our enemies. Autocrat that he is, he will drink a glass of beer with any decent Britisher, exchange a joke with him, or have a little sporting bet. With such sympathies it was inevitable that he should make many good friends. I only know of him making one bad friend in all his varied life. That was when he took upon himself the impossible task of transforming the ex-Crown Prince of Germany into something that had the semblance of an English gentleman at a time when Germany was trying desperately to be on good terms with this country. He took "Little Willie" under his wing. He endeavoured to make him understand the true spirit of English sportsmanship. He introduced him to boxers, hunting-men, jockeys—in fact to almost everybody whose life teaches him that it is the rule of Britain to "play the game." I even remember on one occasion after an Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, when our youngsters were having a rare frolic in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, a certain undergraduate, quite ignorant of the august personage whom he was addressing, was exceedingly rude to "Little Willie." The ex-Crown Prince was quite at a loss as to what to do in these unconventional circumstances. Lord Lonsdale promptly knocked the undergraduate down, and then told his friends to take him home in a cab which he himself ordered. Of course all Lord Lonsdale's tutelage was of no avail. It will take a greater man than our Sporting Peer ever to make a Hohenzollern into anything like a British sportsman.

Although he is invariably autocratic in his methods with those of us who happen to be affluent, he is alway charming and benevolent to others who are poor or distressed. He is far kinder to the coster's donkey than he is to a thoroughbred who happens to be a creature of ill-humour. No costers' parade would be complete without his Lordship's presence.

Not so very long ago, when I was walking down the Strand with Lord Lonsdale, he stopped to give a little donation to an ex-pugilist. "Thank you, me Lord," said the derelict prize-fighter "and I am sorry to 'ear you've been ill." Lord Lonsdale smiled and replied, "But I am ever so much better now, Bill." The poor pugilist shook his head sadly. "Never mind, me Lord," he replied, "whenever you comes to pass you are certain of the finest funeral in England!"

The old prize-fighter was simply voicing a popular sentiment, but I hope it will be many days before his prophecy is justified.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Carson of Duncairn.

MY LORD,—I have always regarded you as a sincere if fanatical man. Hence your brilliant success at the Bar and your failure in politics—where sincerity, let alone fanaticism, is a heavy handicap. Your last speech at Canterbury shows that you are, now as ever, "thorough." When you denounce the Coalition as a sham, you say openly what all men think. But ought you to remain on the Bench, and say it? A Judge ought to be severely impartial, surely, as regards politics. You could never be that! Besides, think how you could recall us to realities if you descended from the Bench and joined the fray again in the arena below. I fancy there are still some briefs waiting for you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Entertainment Committee, the London County Council.

GENTLEMEN,—By interfering with the "Midnight Follies" and causing the dismissal of some thirty of the troupe, you have rendered a supremely valuable service to London. We were begnning to forget your vagaries and senseless puritanical meddlings. But you have shown us that you are still the same body as of yore—the body that closed the Empire, examined Zaeo's back, and made it impossible for a man to get a drink at a show when he wanted to. Now that we have grasped this fact, we will see you farther before we agree to your "Greater London" scheme, which means more officials, more meddling with the people's pleasures, *and* more rates. No, thank you!

JOHN BULL.

To Thomas W. Stalberg, Edward Street, Plaistow.

DEAR SIR,—It was a very discreditable performance that resulted in your having to pay a forty shilling fine at the local police court. Coming home from sea, you got into a drunken state, deliberately pulled down a war shrine erected in the street, and threw it into the gutter. It appears you objected to your own name being on the emblem, but as it contained the names of your five brothers also I can only describe your action as despicable in the extreme. If all memorials were at the mercy of men like you, the memory of our heroes would be systematically insulted instead of honoured, and I cannot understand the Magistrate dealing so leniently with you. At any rate, you ought to feel heartily ashamed of yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I really think it would be better if you confined yourself to theology. To declare, as you did recently, that present-day boxing matches are simply the old prize-fights, is to display an astonishing ignorance of the history of fisticuffs. You go on to say it is high time that women should be debarred from attendance at such "brutal exhibitions." But boxers are not brutes, and the presence of women at their contests is in itself one of the surest guarantees that the sport will be conducted in a proper manner. And what do you suppose referees are for?

JOHN BULL.

To H. A. G. Sievens, Esq., Clerk to Board of Guardians, Weymouth.

DEAR SIR,—Commenting in your remarks as Chairman on the merits of a concert given by "The Hustlers" to the inmates of Weymouth workhouse, you said you knew at least two local killjoys who enjoyed themselves as much as possible six days a week, but "would not contribute a farthing or lend a hand in entertaining their less fortunate brethren." As I dare say you know, meanness and selfishness are common defects of the killjoy temperament. It is usually a hypocritical temperament into the bargain. The inmates will, I am certain, be glad of your assurance that, spite of all opposition, they shall have entertainments during the winter months. Surely there can scarcely be a pleasure better worth while than giving pleasure to drab lives?

JOHN BULL.

To Rudyard Kipling, Esq.

DEAR MR. RUDYARD KIPLING,—So you have declined the offer of the O.M. which the King so graciously offered to bestow upon you. I am not surprised. To-day the Order is held only by the really great and illustrious. But, who knows that to-morrow its bestowal, like that of a Baronetcy or Peerage, may not become a matter of barter through the Party Funds? In that case, your great name would be found figuring amongst nondescripts and rich adventurers. The plain name Kipling has an honour all its own. "Soldiers' Three," "Puck of Pook's Hill," and "The Gadsbys"—these are your title to "the love, affection, honour, troops of friends" that you have won for yourself wherever English is read and spoken. Great men gain nothing by titles. Fancy Lord Dickens or Sir William Thackeray! How they would have scouted the idea—and how they would rejoice in your refusal!

JOHN BULL.

To the Postmaster-General.

DEAR KELLAWAY,—Let me once more ask you when you intend to introduce a little more common sense into the administration of your Department. Are you aware that one of the results of your increase of postal charges has been to cause English firms to send their circulars intended for British addresses in bulk to Germany, whence they can be despatched at less cost than in this country? Cannot you see that in such cases Germany secures the full profit on the postage and that you deliver the goods here free, gratis, and for nothing? For Heaven's sake, pull yourself together and exercise, for the benefit of British trade, such brains as you have.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Viscount Gladstone, Chief Organiser of the "Wee Frees."

DEAR LORD GLADSTONE,—I rejoice wholeheartedly at your return to politics. As the new organiser of the remnant of the once great Liberal Party, you can render splendid service, not merely to the "Wee Frees" but to the nation. Try and get your colleagues to view politics from a broad, progressive and patriotic standpoint. Purge the Caucus of its pro-German elements. Drive out the Cranks and Kill-joys. Above all, insist on dismissing Pussyfoot. Remember that your illustrious father believed that "Free Trade in Beer" would make us a sober nation. His policy—Peace, Retrenchment and Reform—was never so badly needed as now—and if it is kept free of adulterants, it will win!

JOHN BULL.

To Col. Sir Hugh White-Thomson, 44th Division Royal Artillery.

DEAR COLONEL,—If a recent spectacle in the King's Road, Chelsea, brought a sympathetic tear to many an eye, it also stirred the blood of every onlooker. Maimed and helpless from wounds as you are, you are yet man enough to win a wife, and that you can still crack a merry jest with Fate is shown by your choosing an ambulance as a wedding carriage. You have won many distinctions, including the *Legion d'Honneur*, but to the frail old Chelsea Pensioners, whose feeble cheers were none the less cordial because of limited lung-power, the ambulance touch was the assurance that they beheld a soldier and a man. A long and happy life to you and the wife!

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Lloyd George and Rathenau appear
To be in quite the best of cheer,
Toasting as friends, to our surprise,
Men who were our worst enemies.

Geddes' Economy Report
Caused many a bureaucratic snort;
And still the limpets, shivery,
Refuse to take delivery.

If you can't borrow from a pal,
Well—have a touch of petit mal;
Take what you like from whom you can,
And still you'll be an honest man.

Election was Lloyd George's aim,
But Younger's put him off his game;
It's just as well, for we're afraid
It would have hurt reviving trade.

It's never too late to—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

Amateur Billiards Referee.

I have seen "Jack" Ayres bob up smilingly so many years now when the amateur billiards championship is in progress that I do not like to think of the time when he will go into retirement. By all the canons (or should it be cannons?) of the game, this should have been long ago, but Ayres remains the ideal referee—observant, punctilious, courteous and confident. His three-score years and more sit on him very lightly. If you haven't seen him, the sketch gives you an excellent idea of what he is like. He is a perfect encyclopædia on the rules of the game, and a very wise Chairman of the Billiards Professional Association.

Grand National Entries.

I notice that Norton, Sir Huon and Southampton, three of my twelve horses to follow, have been entered for the Grand National, the greatest of all cross-country events, to be run at Aintree on March 24th. My "dozen," which I advised readers of JOHN BULL would be worth following this season, have proved very successful, and their exploits have already placed a little more than fifteen points on the credit side of the balance sheet.

The Agar Khan's Trainer.

R. C. Dawson, the Whatcombe trainer, enjoyed a highly-successful season on the flat in 1921, and he will no doubt play a big part among the winners next season, for he has a splendid team of horses now under his charge. It is expected that H.H. The Agar Khan, a new patron of Dawson's stable, will race on big lines next season.

Unqualified Entry at Ascot.

The *Sporting Life* is sticking to its guns in demanding an official Supervisor of Entries, and after the instances of Young Brian and the disqualified "winner" Hectic at Manchester, it is obvious that something must be done to prevent those errors. There is no sense in locking the stable door after the horse has bolted. It is a remarkable fact, too, that in one of next season's big races, entries for which were made recently, an unqualified horse has been nominated. This is the Ascot Gold Cup, for which Greek Star, a gelding, has been entered, although the race is clearly stated to be for "entire colts and fillies" only!

The End of Royal Realm.

The National Stud, at Tully, in County Kildare, which was presented to the nation during the war by Lord Wavertree (who at that time was Colonel Hall Walker), recently had to pass sentence of death on that fine horse, Royal Realm. The son of Persimmon developed such a savage temper that he had to be destroyed. As a racehorse, and later as a sire of winners, Royal Realm had been a great success; his stock won numerous races in all parts of the world.

Jockey Refugee from Belgium

G. Pellerin, who has been riding with some success during the present National Hunt season, is not very well known on English racecourses. He was a war refugee from Belgium, where he had ridden many winners, and became engaged in war work here. Pellerin can hold his own with the best of our cross-country jockeys, and recently won a good race on Cessford at Birmingham.

Anonymity in Sport.

I note with pleasure that one well-known writer on athletics and cross-country sport has been exposing the absurdity—and the unfairness—of competitors in the Powderhall sprint entering in assumed names (though their identity is known to the promoter). It isn't only in "peds" that the habit prevails; amateur billiards and lawn tennis, and (to a lesser extent) club cricket have been annoyed by it. And it is a genuine annoyance. Amateur tournaments of all kinds would be better without the gentleman who poses as "A. Player," "B. Careful," or some other equally fatuous appellation.

Carpentier and Kid Lewis.

Carpentier was not fully extended when he beat George Cook, the Australian, last week, but he saw enough of him to realise that he is a better man than anyone we can produce at the moment in this country or the Empire. His successes over Beckett and Wells were no flukes, but the natural results of great speed of movement, a quick brain and a deadly punch. Cook's defence is sound—against a slower man. He would be a fervid enthusiast who would support—with his pocket—any opinions he held as to Kid Lewis's chances of lowering the Frenchman's colours. Let us not blink facts; we haven't a man who can do it, nor is he in sight.

Earnestness of Albert Lloyd.

I like the way Albert Lloyd, George Cook's stable companion, shows his earnestness to "get there" with the British public. Before his contest with Dick Smith at the N.S.C. was staged, he had signed a contract to meet Arthur Townley in the return contest, and the Ring will be a scene of this bout on the 26th. Lloyd is one of those men whom to speak to once is to create a desire to meet again. He speaks in a quiet, educated voice, is modest but not shy, has travelled and seen a good deal, and reveals his keen power of observation in every subject he discusses. A man with brains and humour, and altogether very likeable.

Beckett, the Coy Wooer.

I cannot say that I think much of Joe Beckett's attempt to woo promoters and get back into public favour. He says he is ready to enter into a contract with a promoter for three contests for quite a modest sum. I have no doubt he is. But what of the promoter if Joe should happen to be beaten in the first contest? The British champion would do much better to forget his title, accept anything reasonable that comes along, and do as all boxers do in America—not wait for opportunities, but make them. Joe was a keenly interested spectator of the Carpentier-Cook match, and he is still of the opinion that, given the opportunity, he could make the Frenchman "sit up." But could he make him sit down?

Grave of Blighted Hopes.

There seems a blight on visiting football teams at Upton Park. However well they play, something seems to happen to give West Ham a helping hand. When Leicester City were in East London, Walker put through his own goal, a lapse on the part of the back which gave West Ham two points. Last week, in the re-played Cup tie with Swansea, the Welsh team's goal-keeper kicked the ball so hard on to one of the backs that it rebounded into the net, and the "Hammers" lived to fight at Bristol on Monday.

Pennington's Hopes.

How many people who see, or read of, Jesse Pennington playing nowadays can realise the times when he was an amateur in the ranks of the club of which he has so long been captain? But it isn't really so many years ago, as Pennington is only 37. He has 19 international caps and never a Cup medal!—a distinction which he lacks in common with his former great partner, Bob Crompton. I am afraid Liverpool will put an end to his hopes this season on the 28th inst., and who can say what will happen next season to a footballer nearing 40?

Scotsmen in the West Country.

The two Bristol football clubs are fortunate in securing the services of a couple of former Scottish internationals to manage their affairs, and it is something of a coincidence that Alec Raisbeck, the ex-Liverpool man now with Bristol City, and Andrew Wilson (not to be confused with "Andy" of Middlesbrough), of the Rovers, should have played together against England 15 years ago.

The Great Rugby Battle.

This week sees the first great Rugby international of the season, when Wales and England will match their strength at Cardiff. It is quite on the cards that W. J. N. Davies will play after all, as his strained leg muscle was not so serious as at first thought. But this season will probably be the last we shall see of the leader of the England pack, L. G. Brown (see sketch). Brown is a fully qualified medical man who is anxious to devote his time to his profession. He would have given up Rugby last season if the call of his country had not been so insistent and urgent.

A Mixed Bag.

None of the players in the Welsh Rugby trial match would wear No. 13.

Manchester City's new ground in the Belle Vue Gardens will be ready by the beginning of 1923.

The fifteen-year-old Mount Felix, who was beaten by Meadowcroft at Haydock Park, is the oldest hurdler in training.

L. B. Blaxland, the Oxford University and Corinthian half-back and a good cricketer, has joined the staff of Repton School.

J. McIntyre, who has left the Wednesday to join Blackburn Rovers, is the thirtieth Scottish player on the books at Ewood Park.

The Corinthians and Casuals have come to a working arrangement whereby both will share a ground in London—when they can get it.

Jack Dempsey may have to come to Europe "because he can find no opponents in the United States." But are there any over here?

Bob Davison of Sheffield Wednesday and Hufton of West Ham United have more than a fifty per cent. average of penalty shots saved. A very notable record.

Maurice Dillon—who, by the way, is no relation to Bernard or Joseph of that ilk—had a good day at Haydock Park recently by winning on Stormfruit, Meadowcroft and Hedu.

Tom Coulthwaite, the Hednesford trainer, turned out his first winner for Sir E. Hulton when Abanazar beat a good field for the Maiden Four-year-old Hurdle at Birmingham the other day.

Somebody is reported to have said Carpentier would be ready to fight Dempsey again if his stomach were quite right. The American comment was:—"Stomach, you say! We should rather have thought it was his head!"

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

I SAID enough last week to prove to the satisfaction of any reasonable person that there is something radically wrong with our British police system, and in returning to the subject my hope is that by constant hammering I may be able to break down the stone wall of official inertia which stands in the way of reform. For in stark and literal truth this is a matter of life and death. As things are to-day, none is safe from the hand of the assassin—no woman in our midst, particularly, can feel assured that before long she may not have ransomed her honour with her life, and joined the sad company of those whom I spoke of last week as the Great Unavenged. To my mind, this is a monstrous situation, and one that calls for the most forcible protest that voice or pen can frame. But it is not only in regard to murder that the police have had to confess themselves powerless to defend the innocent and arrest the guilty. The amazing figures I gave last week applied also to "offences against property," and showed conclusively that in regard to such crimes as burglary and housebreaking the case was no whit better. Indeed, it does not seem to matter where we turn; it is nearly always "odds on" the criminal, while the police, with the best intentions in the world, are handicapped in every direction by the bonds and fetters of an outworn system, which has no relation to the complex needs of a modern civilised community.

The Littlehampton Mystery.

If only as a relief from the tragedy of the subject, it may be as well to turn for a moment to the lighter forms of crime. Not very many months ago I had a good deal to say about the Littlehampton mystery, the main details of which will easily be recalled by diligent readers of the newspapers. Accused of sending filthy and abusive letters to her next-door neighbour, a Mrs. Gooding, of Littlehampton, was twice convicted and sent to prison, at first for ten days and afterwards for twelve months. Later, she received a "free pardon" from the Crown for an offence it was proved she had never committed, and since then the recipient of the libellous communications—a Miss Swann—has also been tried on a charge of criminal libel and acquitted. Naturally, I assumed that when Mrs. Gooding was "pardoned" and compensated by the Crown, the police would redouble their efforts to discover the true culprit. In a small place like Littlehampton, it ought surely to have been the easiest thing in the world—with the aid of skilled detectives—to find out who was responsible for these foul and malignant libels, the moral stench of which defiled the neighbourhood. As the result of certain independent inquiries which I had myself caused to be made, I was not at all impressed by the alleged impossibility of discovering the criminal, and I was amazed at the apathy of the local police—who were content, apparently, to rest on their "laurels" after arresting two persons who had no more to do with these offensive libels than I have with the management of the Mint!

Interesting Correspondence.

Impressed with this view of the matter, and after due consideration, I addressed the following letter to Brigadier-General Sir William Horwood, K.C.B., D.S.O., Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police:—

> DEAR SIR,—In the position of Editor of JOHN BULL I am frequently brought into touch with the problem of crime, and as a public man I conceive it to be my duty—as it is the duty of every patriotic citizen—to give to the authorities every possible assistance towards the solution of those difficulties with which from time to time they are confronted. At the moment, I am particularly interested in the case of Mrs. Gooding, of Littlehampton, who after conviction upon a charge of criminal libel received a free pardon from the Crown and a grant of compensation. In view of later developments, it is, to my mind, extremely desirable that the mystery surrounding this case should be cleared up, and I have a suggestion to make to you which I trust you may see your way to accept. On my staff here I have several trained investigators who, in circumstances of similar difficulty, have achieved quite remarkable results, and I will freely place at your disposal one or more of these gentlemen with instructions to assist you in such further investigations as you may see fit to direct. I, of course, attach no conditions whatever to this offer. The information which comes into their possession shall be treated as entirely confidential, and will not be used for any journalistic purpose—and I will, of course, pay all their expenses. I may add that I have already caused certain preliminary inquiries to be made, and have a good deal of information in my possession, but I am anxious before going further to know that I have your approval, while it is obviously better that investigations of this kind should be conducted in association, rather than in competition, with the police.—Yours very truly,
>
> W. CHARLES PILLEY.

MY INSTRUCTIONS FR

Interesting Correspondence with the Chief P

By THE

Now it is the conservatism and jealousy of our police officials which is at the root of a good deal of the mischief we are discussing, and I did not for a moment anticipate that this offer would be received with alacrity at Scotland Yard. What I had in my mind was that while the comparatively simple problem of the abusive libels at Littlehampton remained unsolved there was very little likelihood that the far more formidable mystery surrounding the fate of poor Irene Wilkins would be elucidated in such a way as to end the reign of terror which has stricken the neighbourhood of Bournemouth. However, in due course, I received from the Secretary to the Commissioner the following courteous reply:—

> New Scotland Yard,
> London, S.W.1.
>
> SIR,—I am directed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis to acknowledge your letter, and to say that the case to which you refer occurred in the jurisdiction of the West Sussex Constabulary, and that any information you may have in regard to it should be communicated to the Chief Constable of that force at Horsham. I am, however, to add that, had the case been one that was under the Commissioner's

No wonder criminals go free
When Justice in this plight we see;

ROM SCOTLAND YARD.

Police Commissioner—The Murder Menace.

E EDITOR.

control, the suggestion made by you is of a kind that he would be quite unable to sanction or approve. While fully sensible of the assistance which can be—and often is—rendered by the Press in the detection of criminals, he is very strongly of opinion that the investigation of cases of crime should be left to the Police Forces who are appointed and maintained for this purpose; and that the employment of private individuals for the purpose is neither necessary nor conducive to the proper administration of justice. Your obedient servant, W. H. KENDALL, *Secretary*.

There I must leave the matter for the moment, although in passing I may say that I do not altogether accept the official view of the functions of the Press in regard to crime. In my opinion, it is the duty of newspapers not merely to accept and carry out the behests of Scotland Yard, but where an obsolete police system diminishes the safeguards of human life, they should protest with all their strength against its continuance. I suppose if poor Irene Wilkins had been battered to death at Littlehampton instead of at Bournemouth I should have been told that the matter was "in the jurisdiction of the West Sussex Constabulary," and therefore not one in which the authorities at Scotland Yard could concern themselves, except at the express invitation of "the Chief Constable of that force at Horsham." What mad and murderous folly it all is, to be sure!

False Arrests.

What above all else is needed is a national police organisation having its headquarters in London, and spreading a network of detective agencies throughout the land. Also the public should insist that the best brains in the country should be available for the detective service, and that the stupid requirement by which only men who have served in the ordinary police forces are eligible for promotion to the detective ranks should be swept away. Almost as numerous as the cases in which, after crimes of revolting horror, no arrests are made, are those in which the first man who comes handy is laid by the heels, and subsequently found innocent of the capital felony. I have no use for the thoughtless flippancy which, when a man has been solemnly acquitted by a jury of his countrymen and women, declares, with a knowing nod and wink, that "there was something in it all the same." It is my firm opinion that hardly ever does an arrested murderer escape the noose, and I wish I could be as sure that no innocent man in recent years has ever mounted the scaffold. In this connection I am constantly thinking of the case of David Greenwood, whose heartrending cry from prison was recently published in this journal in a series of poems whose pathos has seldom been equalled since the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." This was the boy—with a fine Army record, it will be remembered—who, after the Eltham murder, was reprieved from the gallows, not because there were any extenuating circumstances surrounding the murder, but because at the last moment it occurred to the Home Secretary that there was some doubt in the case, and even the hardened mind of Mr. Shortt shrank from the enormity of hanging a man by the neck while there remained a doubt of his bloodguiltiness. Such cases have not been rare.

...ier sword would not rust by her sid...
...f those strong hands were once untied.

The Channel of Safety.

Patient detective research in skilled hands would avoid these miscarriages of justice. They arise too often through the concentration of minds of limited range upon the nearest and most obvious clues, to the exclusion of evidence whose pursuit calls for superior inductive skill. It is this myopia on the part of the police which accounts for the comparatively large number of persons accused of murder who are ultimately acquitted. There are a Scylla and Charybdis between which the channel of safety lies. The dangers to be avoided are on the one hand that of supine inaction, and on the other of a rash and reckless improvisation leading nowhere save into a morass of injustice and confusion. The solution again is brains and ability—brains and organisation applied to the detection of crime as a stupendous national business second to none in vital human importance. Once get this recognised and we shall be on the high road to an improved state of affairs. Till then we shall mourn for girls like Irene Wilkins and other helpless victims of the assassin's hand.

Less Parochialism.

But there will be no progress while a public man who seeks to elucidate a mystery which has excited the whole country is referred to Horsham! I have nothing against the place and nothing against the West Sussex Constabulary, but I do plead with all the earnestness I can command that there shall be less parochialism in our conceptions of police efficiency and a recognition that the business of crime detection calls for sound and comprehensive national organisation. It is sheer tomfoolery that when a murder has been committed and the trained energies of Scotland Yard are urgently demanded, the order of the day should be to wait and see what sort of a mess the local police can make of it first. In this way, valuable clues are destroyed or overlooked; the problem of detection is accentuated by the lapse of time, and every opportunity given for a resourceful criminal to make good his escape to the ends of the earth. I hope I have a proper sense of the limitations of the Press, and I certainly have no intention of competing with the police in their own legitimate sphere; but when I venture gently to suggest that the best detective resources we possess as a nation should be devoted to the extinction of a moral cancer whose contagion has spread far and wide, I do not expect to be told to "go to Horsham." The reform of the police system will not come from within. It will be forced upon the authorities by the insistent pressure of public opinion, in the formation of which it is the prerogative and privilege of the Press to bear a leading part. Murder is the menace of the moment—but by the commonalty of Britain human life in all social degrees is held in high and sacred esteem.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

PRESIDENT SAVAGE, of the London Mormons.

'OO' mornin', Mister. *Shavin'?* This chair, please. Nice mornin' . . . *You appreciate the compliment?* Wot compliment? I sed "Nice mornin'." Don't see w'ere the compliment comes in. . . . You thought I sed "nice mormon"? Git out! As if I should say a silly thing like thet. Nice Mormon, indeed! I don't believe there is sich a thing. But, by the way, if you thought I sed thet, 'ow is it you took it as a compliment? . . . Oh, *you 'appen to be a Mormon*, do you? Well, I 'appen to be a party wot don't like Mormons, so you can git shaved somew'ere else, thank you. . . . *Can't refuse?* 'Oo can't refuse? Wot? Thank Heaven, barbers can still refuse a customer, same as publicans; an', like them, they ain't erbliged to give no reasons. But I don't mind giving you my reasons in your case. I wish you was President Savage, the new Mormon leader in London. Thet's wot I wish. . . . *Thet's 'oo you 'appen to be?* Then I'm in luck. I was longin' for ten minutes with you. . . .

* * *

Wot is my objection to your faith? I objec's to it becos it's a silly, blasphemous superstition wot oughter be wiped out. . . . Don't tell me there ain't no grounds for the prejudice against it. You believes in a man 'avin' two or three wives, or more than that if 'e can afford to keep 'em, an' you can't deny it if you're honest. . . . That be blowed for a tale! Wot you call "official denials" ain't worth the paper they're written on. Wot about thet letter one o' your back-door creepers at South Tottenham sent to a young gal in w'ich 'e sed: "I 'erewith inclose a few o' the many passages from the Bible wot refer to them wot 'ad more than one wife," an' then went on to mention Abraham and 'is two wives, Sarah and Hagar; an' David, wot the Lord gave all Saul's wives to? Wasn't thet an attempt to git thet young gal to believe thet the Bible allows a man to 'ave more than one wife, an' to persuade her to leave a decent moral 'ome to go out to Salt Lake City an' become some greasy Mormon's concubine? Look 'ere, w'y don't you an' your slimy young "elders"—elders, huh!—let our English gals alone? I s'pose the American gals are too wide-awake to be took in by yore cunning tricks and artful arguments, an' you 'as to come over to Europe to find yore victims. . . .

* * *

England oughter do like wot 'Olland 'as done—refuse admittance to blighters like you. I see Switzerland won't 'ave you, neether, not at no price. On'y the other day, one o' yore Mormon pals, an American-German called Kunz, was arrested an' shoved outer the country for preachin' Mormonism an' tryin' to intice young gals away to Utah. We oughter do the same with you an' yore smug young 'ypocritical "elders" wot at present are workin' London. Well, if I can't git you outer the country, I can git you outer me shop, at any rate. So push orf, before I loses me temper. . . .

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

SOME ATTRACTIVE ANNOUNCEMENTS TO READERS

The JOHN BULL guarantee of the advertising which appears in its columns is an effective safeguard to readers, and it is noteworthy that many contemporaries are coming into line in this respect, and realising their responsibility. It is generally recognised that articles which have become almost household words, such as Nestlé's Milk, Bovril, Mackintosh's Toffee, Clarnico Caramels—and there are many others—represent the highest standard of value at a cost usually lower than similar unadvertised products. Advertising increases demand, and thus lessens the cost of production—only reliable articles can stand the searchlight of publicity.

Our Guarantee creates a great deal of correspondence, for there are occasions when the customer is not quite satisfied in spite of the earnest effort of the advertiser to give full value.

The statement made by S. A. Barry & Co. in their advertisement, whilst remarkable, is perfectly true. Though they have done an immense amount of business by post through their advertisements in JOHN BULL, we have never had a single complaint; this speaks well for the care they take and for the quality of their garments.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. advertise "The Story of the British Nation" in fortnightly parts, at 1s. 3d. This handsome work should certainly find a place on the bookshelves of our readers.

The page headed "JOHN BULL'S Bargains" contains announcements of a number of articles which we specially recommend.

In the feature headed "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 15, there are some real bargains—including cutlery, tweeds, serges, cycles, jewellery, printing, rug wool, etc.

There are many other interesting announcements in this issue, and the whole of them are covered by the Advertisement Guarantee, which will be found on page ii. of cover.

SHORT STORY OF INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

In a previous article we related how William Gibbons made a very profitable bargain for his heirs by insuring his life with sixteen Underwriters for £383 6s. 8d. for twelve months at a premium of £8 per cent., and then dying within the time.

THE MEN OF SCIENCE TAKE A HAND.

We can realise as though we were present what happened to those sixteen underwriters who had made this very unprosperous bargain with William Gibbons, which has already been told. They probably never heard the end of the mockery that followed their very original and very unsuccessful enterprise; doubtless one can even imagine their wives, who probably were almost as shrewd as themselves and, after the manner of their sex, more critical of original and daring enterprises, joining in the criticism of their fellow citizens. Anyhow, it was a considerable time before anybody else was ready in the City of London to dabble much in Life Insurance. But in time the first bitter experience was forgotten; and Insurance on life began to be taken up tentatively. The discovery of the scientific principles on which Life Insurance was ultimately to be founded and which were to create its enormous prosperity as well as its beneficence of to-day, came very slowly and did not exercise its great impetus until some of the biggest minds of the world were concentrated upon the problems. In reading over the names of the men who were inspired to delve into this subject, one comes across, as has already been indicated, some of the finest scientific minds of this and of other centuries. Halley, the great astronomer—Halley of the comet—is, for instance, one of the pioneers in the scientific treatment of Life Insurance. Sir Isaac Newton had a spell of study and discovery in Life Insurance. Two great modern names are associated with this pioneer and scientific age of Life Insurance, one Augustus de Morgan, the great mathematician of the sixties of the last century—who dazzled mature and helped to torture juvenile mankind by his works on mathematical manuals. Augustus de Morgan was the father of an even more illustrious son, William de Morgan, to whom we owe the greatest stories of Cockney life and character since the death of Dickens.

THE DAWN OF INSURANCE IN COMPANY FORM

There were several problems to be solved. The commercial men were quicker than the scientists in discovering one of those great and fundamental insurance laws, namely, the superiority of taking the insurance risk by association instead of singly and individually. The first corporation which discovered that great law must be credited with being one of the creators of modern insurance.

But there were other and even more difficult problems. It took time, curiously as it sounds now, to utilise the law of averages and its bearing on the prospects of mortality.

Tables were drawn up on more or less scientific lines by great minds on the Continent, some of them comparable even to those of our own country; but these were subsequently superseded and more or less nullified, being founded as they were on the limited experience of one country, and some of even one city; further, to these difficulties were added the imperfect form of census in those days.

THE STATE INTERFERES.

Then the situation was complicated, as so often before and since, by the eagerness of the Government to have its hand in what they realised might be profitable business; and, therefore, something that would help the country to meet the national indebtedness, especially in such times as those that accompanied or followed great wars. William Pitt, in his gigantic struggle with Napoleon, tried his hand at getting some profit out of the business. An earlier Prime Minister had dabbled in annuities—one of the businesses which belong to the infancy of insurance. It is of particular interest at the present day to note that not only did the Government not make profit out of it, but incurred considerable financial loss.

After two centuries of study and experiment, the laws and principles governing Life Insurance were gradually evolved, and the business progressed with enormous rapidity. Great offices, most of which still do business and prosper to-day, were founded in this period; and like everything else in the long reign of Queen Victoria, Life Insurance went forward with as much greater rapidity and volume over the business in previous reigns as did the journey of the traveller or of goods in the railway train over those in the stage coach.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE STARTS.

But there was one branch of Life Insurance which had been untouched; indeed, it was perhaps only possible to deal with it when the reduction of the franchise and the growth of democracy brought to the classes a realisation of the masses of the people as the most important as well as the most numerous section of the nation.

Which brings us to the greatest of all the modern developments in insurance, namely, what is called Industrial Insurance—the insurance generically of the daily wage-earner—not only the majority of the nation, but that portion of it which most requires the protection of Insurance.

(The continuation of this story will appear in next week's issue.)

THE BARRY SERVICE EMBRACES BOTH HEMISPHERES.

THE BARRY SERVICE

— AND THE —

'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE

No newspaper is more vigilant to safeguard the wellbeing and interests of its readers than "John Bull."

The publishers of this journal will confirm the remarkable fact that, although THE BARRY TAILORING SERVICE has supplied over Six Thousand "John Bull" readers, **NOT ONE SOLITARY COMPLAINT** has been received by them in regard to the tailoring so supplied.

It is positively the most unique experience ever recorded under the "John Bull" guarantee pledge.

£4 4s. Pure New Wool Suit to measure for £2 10s.

This is no mere idle statement of value, but an actual demonstrable fact, and it alone explains why the BARRY GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION HAS NEVER BEEN ASSAILED.

OTHER BARRY SPECIALITIES TO MEASURE:

£6 : 6 : 0
ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT
To measure for
£3 : 10 : 0
Certified All-wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
£3 : 10 : 0
To measure
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The surest guarantee.
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
To measure
£5 : 5 : 0
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0
As worn by J. Dimmock.

£12 : 12 : 0
BOND STREET DRESS SUIT
£6 : 6 : 0
The Perfection of Quality, Finish, and Workmanship.

£3 : 3 : 0
TRENCH COAT
for
36/6
This is the only ready-made line we handle. A really reliable storm coat.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

FREE. Send for Patterns of all these wonderful values, you cannot but be impressed. With full ranges of free patterns, we will send measurement chart enabling you to take your measures with the accuracy of a qualified tailor. AND THE RISK WILL BE ENTIRELY WITH US IF WE FAIL TO FIT YOU FROM YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. IF WE FAIL WE WILL REFUND NOT ONLY THE FULL AMOUNT REMITTED, BUT 2/6 over and above such sum to compensate you for your loss of time.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors

(J.B.) 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1. (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

Those visiting or residing in London are invited to call.

THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR HOME WORK.

By Maud Lemslie.

The Writer, being forced to give up office work in the City by the frequent air raids which City workers suffered from during the War, has now worked at home for three years on an Auto-Knitter, making money all the time.

Have I ever told you what made me buy a Knitting Machine? It happened this way:—

I was at one time working in an Office in the City; in fact, I worked there for nearly ten years, and I quite thought it was my job for life. During the last few years of my stay there, however, I began to find that the running up and down stairs (of which I had plenty) was beginning to affect my health, and my legs began to get weak. During this time the Great War was raging, and workers had to get to their work under difficulties; and then we had all those terrible air raids which crippled the strong people and made those who were ailing much worse. Eventually, getting no better after attending my Doctor for some time, I went to a hospital and saw a specialist, who, after a month of resting and treatment, kindly told me, "Nothing can be done for you, you will get worse." This state of things was all right for a couple of weeks, and then I began to get restless. So home I went endeavouring to get strong by sitting in the open air as much as possible. This went on for a few weeks, and then my employers enquired when I was going back to work, as my place must be filled up soon by somebody else if I did not return.

Well, it was no use thinking I could keep that job, for the stairs were still there, and so was the telephone, and although these were to be made easier for me, I knew what it meant—I can see it coming along—No! I must get some work nearer home, without the stairs. So I searched the newspapers day by day, and found nothing suitable, and the more I hunted for a suitable post, the more despondent I became, until one day my doctor said, "Get something to occupy your mind, child!"

Ah! Can you imagine what this meant to a young woman of 25 years, without a father, whose situation had to be given up just as she was getting most useful to her employers? Just think how I was placed. I must do something to help toward my support, but what could I do?

Shortly after this I happened to glance at a book left open on the table (I think it was a "Woman's Weekly"), and staring in my face was an advertisement which ran something like this—"Do you want another £1 a week? Reliable people will be provided with profitable home work on Auto-Knitters—write to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd., 50 and 52, Belvoir Street, Leicester, for particulars." "How strange I should see this, and just now, too, when I want home work. I will write and find out all about it." So I did. I received particulars, and found that if I purchased a machine I could have constant work at home (just the thing I wanted). I told my people about it, and they said it would not do, and I should never make anything out of it. "You can't believe all you read in advertisements."

I ordered and received a machine in a few days; and after studying the Instruction Book carefully, I made my first sock, which I shewed to my friends, and this brought me a number of orders. Words of praise came from all directions, also repeat orders again and again, so that I had to have an Order Book and keep careful records for future reference. I kept all the money together and bought more wool (about twice as much as before) and made other samples in different colours, and they only had to be shewn to people to get orders, they looked so nice. During my first year I made 160 pairs of socks and 140 pairs of stockings, besides refooting—which I think was very good considering that I had to find it all out from the Instruction Book, and I had never seen a knitting machine before I bought mine. Added to this, it must be remembered I had been suffering from a nervous breakdown, which left me a permanent invalid, and, besides all this, I was learning a new business. Just try and picture it in your own mind, and then you will realise how precious my Auto-Knitter is to me.

A nervous wreck at 25 years of age, with no hope of ever getting better, no father to provide for me, starting to learn a new business, which was not in the least approved of by my own people. It makes me think of the number of people who are at the present time suffering from the effects of the war, and would be only too glad to hear of something they could do in the quiet of their own homes to bring in some money, and I would say to them, "Don't be disheartened, but try your hand at this work."

There are great opportunities looming before anyone who is strong enough to grasp them, but I have to be content with private orders. I have had as many as one hundred pairs on order at one time during my busy season, although I cannot go out of doors for a single order; either the customers are recommended or else my friends get the orders for me. I am always careful not to promise they will be ready too soon, so that customers are never disappointed when they call for them. I do all the work myself, except the posting of parcels, etc., and have never regretted having bought my machine. I would not part with it for £20, because it has much precious memories, and it is worth its weight in gold. After over three years it is as good as new, and I have not had to buy one new part and it has paid for itself many times.

Of course I cannot work full time for I am permanently disabled, and if I hurry too much I am ill afterwards. But just think what a different life it has made for me—I can help a little towards my support regularly—I buy all my own clothes, and pay for all my own fires in cold weather, buy extra nourishments and little treats sometimes, my work is of no expense to anyone but myself, and I am making useful articles and taking money all the time.

This Auto-Knitter has been an absolute godsend to me—a real blessing, and I really do not know what I should do without it now.

SEND FOR PROSPECTUS—FREE.

Remember, experience is unnecessary and you need not know how to knit. The Auto-Knitter offers a unique opportunity for earning money.

Write to-day for full particulars, which will be sent by return, to all filling in the attached coupon.

COUPON

THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., LTD. (Dept. 118), Belvoir Street, Leicester.

Please send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose stamp to cover cost of postage. It is understood that this does not place me under any obligation whatever.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied.*"—JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

A Bad Example:—The Officers' Mess at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, advertised in a Kentish paper for a book-keeper—"ex-Service man preferred" one would naturally expect to see. But not a bit of it. What they require, if you please, is a *female*! When we get this sort of thing from within, how can we expect what is right and proper from without?

A Hint to the Intruder:—Mr. W. W. Glenn, formerly of the R.A.F., who lost a leg in aerial combat, has appealed to the sporting "instinct of the intruder" who burgled his flat at Marylebone to return the Military Cross which was among the articles stolen. We don't know anything of the "sporting instinct" of the thief, but if he has a single spark of manliness in his carcase he will respond to the appeal.

Self-Help and Smiles:—If ex-Service men who are more fortunate would rally to the assistance of those who have fallen on evil times in the manner of the Hull National Reserve Club, they would carry out in the truest sense the principles of the comradeship of the Great War. These Hull heroes clubbed together and provided a thumping good Christmas feed for all their unemployed members. All honour to them!

What About It?:—Many of our troops and auxiliaries were killed or maimed in Ireland. The Chief Secretary, the Lords Justices, and others in authority are "not in a position to consider payment for death or injuries under the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations." As it is tacitly admitted that recent events in Erin amounted to warfare between the King's men and the Irish guerillas, what about pensions for the maimed and the dependants of the killed on duty—and who will foot the bill?

Mary-le-Bone *is* "Bon"!:—We have always maintained that, all other things being equal, the ex-Service man *must* have preference over those who have not served. The latter *may* be good men, but the former have *proved* it. We therefore congratulate the Marylebone Council on their latest action. Four ex-Service men, temporarily employed at the Public Baths, have now been placed on the permanent staff. But there is still room for more, and we await due recognition of the fact.

Robbing the Children:—The Board of Inland Revenue have decided that in future the widows of officers killed in the war shall have Income-tax deducted on allowances for their children. Yes, it is quite a long while since hostilities ceased, and Government Departments have notoriously short memories and no hearts. These allowances in most cases are a small enough return for the loss of husband and father, as it is. For the sake of the comparatively puny sum this will bring to the State, such callous extortion is an egregious blunder.

Too Old at Forty:—It has been left to the Runcorn Bumbles to revert to the "too old at forty" touch In advertising for an Assistant Finance and Ledger Clerk they state that applicants must not be more than thirty. It is true they emphasise a preference for ex-Service men, but think how many such over thirty and with young families to support would be glad of the job.

A Long Suspension:—A war widow 26 years old was, up to two years ago, regularly drawing her pension, but in an unfortunate moment she committed some peccadillo. Her pittance was promptly suspended. For twelve months she submitted without protest to the punishment, when, having tried in vain for work and been rescued from the Workhouse only by the kindness of a female friend, she has appealed repeatedly but in vain for the restoration of her pension. Whatever the offence she committed, she had surely purged it by now.

Other Councils, Please Copy:—The Willesden Borough Council are men of understanding and sympathy. They have their unemployment problem, and are making some attempt, while providing work, to recognise the debt they owe for the splendid services of their ex-soldiers. Not a few of these, who plied the pick and shovel amidst the horrors of bursting shells and poison-gas, now reap an unexpected reward for their pluck and courage, the Council having decided to pay full navvies' wages to all who did their bit digging trenches in the war.

Fish and Flesh:—After twenty-five years' "exemplary!" service in the Royal Navy, Senior Chief Petty Officer C. J. Sinclair became licensee of the Red Lion Inn at Colnbrook. A few days ago he applied to the Justices at Slough for an hour's extension for the annual dinner of a local club, but was curtly refused. Immediately afterwards the same Justices granted an extension of *two* hours to the licensee of an adjacent hotel for a supper and dance. The splendid defender of his country is still scratching his head and wondering where British Justice comes in—ashore.

"I Ain't No Sailor Bold":—This longshore melody might have been fittingly sung by William Henry Nicholls, of Duckett Street, Stepney, while touting for coppers in Bethnal Green Road with a barrel-organ, two placards, and a photo of himself in sailor's uniform. A constable, an old Navy man, who happened to know that the ship mentioned on the placard had not been in the battle of Jutland, put a few awkward questions. The man admitted that the statements were false, and also that he had no right to wear the ribbons. The mischief of this sort of thing is that the genuine fighters suffer, because once the public begin to doubt they turn a deaf ear to even the most deserving case.

A Word for the "Black and Tans":—Now that peaceful settlement of the Irish problem appears to be approaching, it is up to us to spare a thought for the abused "Black and Tans," whose demobilisation will automatically follow. It must not be forgotten that, recruited from all quarters of England, Scotland and Wales when Irish recruits were not available, they, together with the regular R.I.C.s, upheld the honour of the Flag against odds and in circumstances which are familiar to all who followed the tragic happenings in Ireland during the past few years.

"As You Were!"—These men, who went daily in fear of sudden assassination in addition to running the deadly risks of regular warfare, should not be allowed to swell the ranks of the unemployed. Something should be done to restore them to the positions they held before enlisting. And their minds should be set at ease on this point without delay.

Watchers Who Want Watching:—Under the scheme inaugurated by the Government a large number of ex-Service men went through a course of training in wireless telegraphy at a cost to the State of from £200 to £300 each. After these men had qualified and been to sea for six months, they suddenly found themselves thrown out of employment as a result of fresh legislation, by which their places could be taken by "watchers," who are barely qualified to recognise the S.O.S. signal. Apart from the unfairness of the change, it introduces an element of danger which will be clear to all who have occasion to "go down to the sea in ships."

After Twelve Years:—Some of the letters we are daily receiving from ex-Service men are nothing short of heartrending. An ex-seaman—a former gunlayer in the Royal Navy—finds himself in sore plight after twelve years' loyal service, in the course of which he fought in every important naval action of the war. Married, with one child, since his discharge last July the only work he has been able to find has been an occasional few days under the local Board of Guardians, at the rate of eighteen pence a day in cash and the like amount in kind. He has now been told no more relief can be granted, as he is not in his own district, but must return to the place where he was born—the only alternative offered him being the Workhouse for his delicate wife and youngster.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From M. B., Weymouth: "In November I wrote to Chelsea asking leave to commute 2d. a day of my pension, and was told that it could not be done. I put my case in your hands, and, my word! I got it all right—£28 13s. in hand, with which to commence as a hawker of fruit and vegetables! Thanks from myself and wife."

A 10/6 Pen for 2/-

Our generous offer enables you to purchase a "John Bull" Standard Model Fountain Pen (admittedly worth 10s. 6d.) for 2s. Over two millions of these famous pens have been sold in the United Kingdom. The following testimonial is expressive of their excellence:—

32, Aughton St., Liverpool.

"The Pen is one of the best I ever had in my life and I have been using quills and steel pens for well nigh 60 years."

(Signed Jno. FitzPatrick.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 2d. stamps for postage the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send seven coupons and P.O. for 2s. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. 3d., extra.

ADDRESS: Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

J.B.21.1.22

No need for YOU to worry—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

"NERVE-RECONSTRUCTION"

Particulars of a Wonderful Product for the Nervous and the Weak, which is now being Prescribed by thousands of Enlightened Doctors throughout Europe.

10,000 PACKAGES TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

WHAT IS "NERVE-RECONSTRUCTION"?

It is a system of rebuilding weak or disordered nerves by a scientific method.

Your nerves (including your brain) are responsible for every action of your body. Scientific research proves that these nerves are composed of millions of minute nerve-cells.

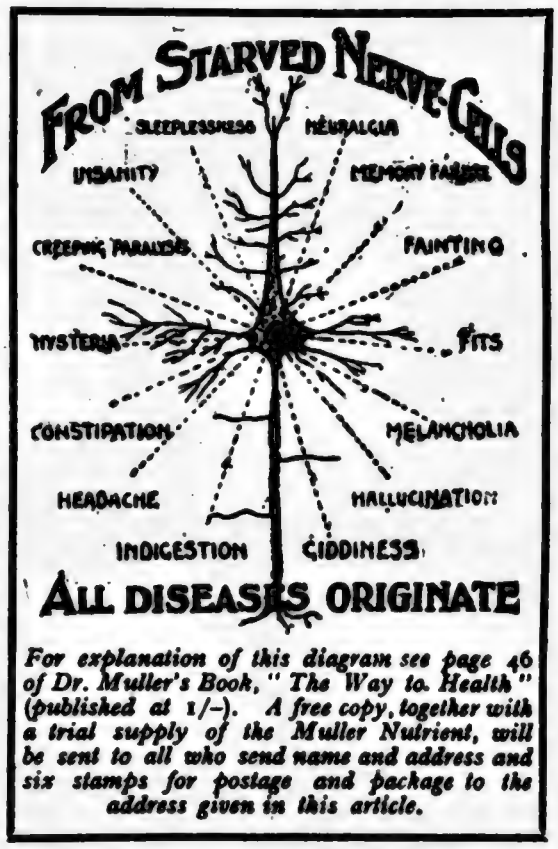
Unless these nerve-cells feed they cannot work. All the nervous ailments men and women suffer from to-day are due to insufficiently nourished nerve-cells.

As these nerve-cells cannot move about, their food must be brought to them. They are like those strange inhabitants of the ocean depths which, fixed to some rocky recess, feed greedily upon the minute forms of life that float past them in the water.

The task of feeding this army of hungry nerve-cells is performed by the blood.

To feed these nerve-cells the blood extracts from the food you eat a certain essential nerve nutriment. This nerve nutriment is extracted in infinitesimal quantities from ordinary food, and reaches the nerve-cells in the form of organic Phosphoric Substance. It is this element that keeps the nerve-cells "going"—when they get enough of it. When they don't get enough of it they become weak and disordered.

Here are some of the ailments caused by this starved condition of the nerve-cells and restorable by the new method of Nerve-Reconstruction. Read down this list. See if the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included. You can learn how to get rid of any of the troubles and regain your health by accepting the proffered seven days' free trial of this great "Nerve-Reconstructing" method.



For explanation of this diagram see page 46 of Dr. Muller's Book, "The Way to Health" (published at 1/-). A free copy, together with a trial supply of the Muller Nutrient, will be sent to all who send name and address and six stamps for postage and package to the address given in this article.

- —Sleeplessness.
- —General Debility.
- —Pains in Back.
- —Inability to Concentrate your mind.
- —Bad Memory.
- —Headache and Neuralgia.
- —Brain Fag.
- —Irritability.
- —Loss of Energy.
- —Dizziness.
- —Depression and Melancholia.
- —Lack of "Fire," Vigour.
- —Excessive Shyness and Timidity.
- —Hysteria.
- —Anæmia.
- —Incipient Consumption.
- —Failing Vision.

All these are cured by this great "Nerve-Reconstruction" method.

DR. MULLER'S WONDERFUL FOOD.

The Muller Nutrient is an exact counterpart of the natural nerve nutrient supplied to healthy nerves.

You take this nutrient through your digestive organs. It is assimilated and taken by the latter straight to the semi-starved nerve-cells. It gives them renewed strength, health, and vitality. Dr. Muller's wonderful Nerve-Nutrient nourishes the nerve-cells, reconstructs them, restores them to their normal activity. As a result your nervous system recovers from its exhaustion, and the nervous ailment or derangement from which you have been suffering is permanently banished.

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1. Enriches your blood.
2. Strengthens and increases the all-important corpuscles of the blood which defend your body against germs, and
3. Revitalises and makes better your whole system.

Little wonder, then, that after taking Dr. Muller's Nutrient for a few days (as you can now for a week **practically free of charge**) you feel absolutely different, better, brighter, stronger, healthier and more energetic, and more "vital" in every way.

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One striking instance of its marvellous curative effect is the case of Miss A. Rushbridge, of 49, Clifford Street, Southampton.

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The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches, and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom and Ireland.

THE MULLER NUTRIENT, a True Nerve Restorative, Free from Baneful Drugs, 3/- a box of all good chemists. Superior to any Nerve Food in "powder" form.

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A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of Samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contrs., Lavender Hill, London.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from Makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

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BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners, Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

TATOOING or Tattoo Removing by experienced Specialist. T. or T. R. Outfits complete from 5/6. C. B. Davis, 289, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

AXMINSTER RUG WOOL, all colours, 2/8 lb. Samples and illus. instructions free.—Stoddart's, Dept. S., Empire Works, Halifax.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-Skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades, required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 30 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 26 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Bldgs., James Watt St., Birmingham; or 298, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

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PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Complete Automatic Set 3/9. Failure absolutely impossible. Wabern's (Y), Osborne Road, Farnborough, Hants.

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CYCLE BARGAINS.—High-class ladies' and gent's machines to be cleared at under cost from £4 10s. cash. Big clearance sale of leading Coventry machines. Lists sent on application.—George King (Coventry), Ltd., Coventry.

INTERNED TWIN-DICE.—Greatest rival to Put and Take; 6 chances "Take all," result instantaneous; sent 1/-.—MULTIPOOL, 6, Lime Street Square, E.C. Mention J.B.

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-A Gentle Reminder-

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HEARD IN THE GALLERY.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT."

THE first time I see this play a bloke called Penley was in it. 'Ow long ago was that, now?

Never mind 'ow long ago it was. You're seein' it fresh, ain't cher? Very well then; let it go at that . . .

You're always a-gropin' about in the parst, wot everybody else 'as forgotten. *I* 'aven't seen it before, at any rate.

Stow it! Don't yer see the curtain's goin' up?

Don't talk so loud. I want to 'ear wot them two young fellers is sayin' to each other. Wot's the use o' comin' to the the-atre w'en people won't let you 'ear wot's been said on the stige?

* * *

My word! Them two blokes *are* in love with their gals, ain't they? I wish I could talk to you like them, Liz!

Oh, shut up! Let's watch the stige, will yer? There'll be plenty o' time for your silly nonsense arfterwards. Wot, is thet young feller goin' to parss 'isself orf as Charley's Aunt? Well, of all the cheek! Look, 'e's got 'is trousers on under 'is skirt! Saucy, ain't it?

Goo' job 'e 'as, *I* should say. . . . Ha, that's the bloke I like—Brassett, that butler feller. Wot are yer laughin' at?

Wot, didn't you see wot they done on 'im then? You're lookin' at thet gal's back, down there in the stalls—*thet's* wot it is.

Nothin' o' the kind. I ain't missed nothink. You mean w'en Charley's Aunt tipped Brassett with 'is own 'arf-crown, an' then arsked 'im to reckon it two bob, and buy a packet of 'airpins with the diff'rence. I ain't blind.

I know. The bars ain't bin' open long enough yet.

Wot jer mean?

* * *

Mother, look at 'er runnin' across the stige again!

Don't be silly! She ain't a n'er—she's a n'im. Don't you understand Charley's Aunt ain't nothing o' the kind? She's a man. W'y don't you pay attention?

But she jest said she wasn't no ordinary woman. Wot did she mean by that?

Wait till you're grow'd up. Then you'll understand.

Oh, mother, did you hear that? W'en that old toff gave 'er that flower she said she'd have it stuffed! You carn't stuff flowers, can you?

(*Voice from the back*): Keep that kid quiet, will yer, missus? We 'aven't paid to 'ear *'im*, but to see Charley's Awnt.

* * *

Ah, laddie, when I was in my prime there was not an actor in the Kingdom who could challenge my representation of Spettigue. But times have changed, laddie, times have changed. It is ten to eleven, and the houses close on the stroke. Oh, yes, I admit I have been laughing. Who has not? That is why Charley's Aunt is still running, my boy.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER" (advertisement):—"We Wash, Dry, Starch, Moderately Iron and RETURN within the week ALL YOUR LINEN WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS."

"CREWE GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—"Ladies' SPORTS COATS. Low Fitting. Two SUSPENDERS."

"WORTHING GAZETTE":—"She paid him £18 4s. 4d. IN TREASURY NOTES."

"ST. WILFRID'S PARISH MAGAZINE" (Hayward's Heath):—"Our numbers stand at 97, the sexes being EVENLY BALANCED."

"TIT-BITS":—"When a storm is far away the THUNDER CLAP FOLLOWS SLOWLY AFTER THE LIGHTNING; when the storm is near THE REVERSE IS THE CASE."

"REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER":—"Elliott added a THIRD GOAL and shortly afterwards Elliott FOLLOWED WITH A SECOND GOAL."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"Madame de Staël . . . was EXTREMELY PLAIN. . . . She was BEAUTIFUL, witty, everything that was most fascinating in a woman."

"KENTISH INDEPENDENT":—"The Sunday School teachers . . . HELD an enjoyable social gathering on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT."

"ROTHESAY EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"Kentucky Minstrels . . . Mirth, Melody, Harmony, and Pure Fun WITH Vulgarity."

"NEW MAGAZINE":—"He THRUST HIS HANDS INTO HIS TROUSERS POCKETS and DREW HIS STOCKING CAP DOWN OVER HIS EARS."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

His Double Affliction:—Whilst in hospital suffering from war disability, a man received the sad news that his little son had died at home. The lad was uninsured, and in peril of a parish funeral until his stricken father wrote to us.

A Hard Lot:—An ex-soldier is out of work and living on the local Guardians. His lot was a hard one, made harder still by the death of his uninsured child, which took place but a few days before his wife was again confined.

Still the Procession:—An out-of-work ex-Tommy has a wife and two children to look after, whilst another is expected immediately. A little son had just died when the poor fellow came to us. We have a procession of such cases daily.

"According to Regulations":—Having married a man (who has since died) after he was discharged on account of wounds, a poor woman is denied pension. In a further case recently presented to us, another widow was left with three children, aged 4, 2, and 1 year respectively, and the condition of the family was distressful indeed. In both instances we helped.

For the Nippers:—Once more an appeal for baby clothes. Isn't it strange, as shown by history, that in crises like the present, during war time—particularly sieges—and days of religious revivals, the birth-rate jumps up like a typhoid patient's chart? We are snowed under with applications for "baby rags." Will you help us?

HUMBLED PRIDE.

DIRE STRAITS OF A DESERVING EX-SOLDIER.

A while ago it was our privilege to give some material assistance to an ex-Service man living at Pleshey, Chelmsford, Essex, whose grievous plight was testified to by a local clergyman. A watch and clockmaker by trade, he, like so many other demobilised craftsmen, had fallen on evil times, and solicited our help in his distress. This we willingly rendered. But it is a matter of real regret to us that our aid had only a transitory effect, and that its recipient has again had occasion to approach us for further succour. We have not resisted this second appeal, convinced as we are that the case is a deserving one, our only regret being that the countless calls upon our Fund forbid us to send as large a sum as we might wish. For this impoverished family Christmas was a mockery. It brought to them no vestige of seasonable cheer, and has left them fireless and in debt for rent. The eldest son is an epileptic, and his only brother is out of work. The father, the object of our solicitude, is also idle, and at the time of writing to us was in momentary fear of some drastic action on the part of his landlord.

FORCED TO BEG.

For a man who has served his country to be reduced to the necessity of begging is distressing alike to him who asks and those who give. But, taking his circumstances into account, we should have thought the less of him had he not come to us in his need. Rightly, he suppressed his soldier's pride in the interests of his unfortunate family, which includes his wife, aged 50 and in precarious health, the two sons mentioned, and a youngster nine years old. It is on behalf of genuine cases like this that we appeal for more generous contributions to our Fund.

WITH MANY THANKS.

A. H. (Wimbledon), 6d.; A. W. (Canterbury), 1s.; T. T. (Devonport), 1s.; E. M. (Norwich), 2s. 6d.; "Ex-Bluejacket," 5s.; Mrs. H. (Hammersmith), 2s. and parcel; "Jim," 10s.; "Deaf Bill," 1 dollar; "Shipmaster," £1; G. B., 1s.; "From All at 4 and 10," 10s.; D.O. (Hull), 5s.; "Somerset," 1s.; "Keep Smiling" (Knaresborough), 5s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon. (Uxbridge), £1; Mrs. J. (Bearsden), 1s.; "Little Eric," £1; E. A. F. (Bristol), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; E. B. (Taunton), 10s.; E. A. P. (Ceylon), £1; Mrs. O. O. (Wigan), 1s. and parcel; R. E. (Ardersier), 5s.; "Sandbachian," 5s.; "A New Year's Gift from Hounslow," 6s.; "A Friend," 1s.; P. H. (Sheffield), 5s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; "Chertsey Wellwisher," 10s.; "W.," £1; R. M. (N.1), £1; Mr. J. M. (Canada), 1 dollar; G. M. (Dorsetshire), 5s.; G. C. (Edinburgh), 5s.; H. C. (Fulham), 4s.; F. H. (Hurstpierpoint); 2s. 6d.; Mr. L. (Barnard Castle), 1s.; S. S. (Malton), 1s.; W. O., 1s. 6d.; J. O. B. (Cape Town), 5s.; A. M. (New York), 1 dollar; T. H. (Milton), 4s.; Anon., 1s. 2d.; "C." (Cadnam), 1s.; H. M. (Hull), £1; E. J. M. (Hounslow), 10s.; J. J., 4s.; "Salopian," 3s.; J. H. B. (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; R. J. H. (Swindon), 6d.; J. H. W. (Peckham), 2s.; H. C. (Leeds), 3d.; Mrs. B. (Nottingham), 1s.; J. C. (Transvaal), 3s. 10d.; Miss A. D. (Wragley), 1s.; M. A. S. (Lewes), 1s.; "An Old Soldier's Mother," 2s.; Mrs. O. H. H. (Sheffield), £2; "In Memory of Pat," 10s.; Anon., 8s.; H. H. P. (Brighton), 6s.; P. W., 5s.; Anon., 5s.; J. C. (Great Crosby), 5s.; "L." (Delph), 5s.; E. R. M. 3s.; "Nemo" (Weymouth), 3s. 3d.; Mr. R. K. N. (Waterlooville), 2s. 6d.; V. J. L. (Windsor), 2s. 6d.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 2s.; G. B., 1s.; E. B. (Folkestone), 1s.; "A Little Reader," 6d.; Anon., 6d.; H. M. E. (Nigeria), £1; F. C. S. (Bristol), 5s.; "B.," 5s.; "A Well Wisher," 5s.; "Bill" (Larkfield), 5s.; F. D. (Reddish), 1s.; A. B. (Kent), 3s. 1½d.; A. H. L. (Leven), 2s. 6d.; F. G. S. (Portsmouth), 2s.; C. B. (Limehouse), 2s. and clothing; J. C. B., 2s.; R. C. (Ipswich), 1s.; E. E. (Fulham), 1s.; L. W. D., 1s.; W. O., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; C. W. (Witney), 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Fleetwood), 6d.; L. M. S., 6d.; Mrs. P. (Manchester), 6d.; T. T. (Solihull), 1s.; J. W. L. (Lymington), 6d.; C. R. (Hornsey), 5s.; "Nan" (Perth), 2s. 6d.; T. S. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; J. T. (Shrewsbury), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 2d.; Anon., 1s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

Mr. Morgan, The Roebuck, Kennington Cross, S.E., 6s.; Messrs. Cohen & Co., Victoria Street, S.W., 1s. 4½d.; Mr. Davey, The Castle, Old Kent Road, 2s.; Mr. Mason, Gloster Arms, 24, Mason Street, S.E., 2s. 3d.; Mr. C. Clark, 1, Roseburn Terrace, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 2s.; Mr. H. Scott, 202, Rose Street, Edinburgh, 1s.; Mr. W. R. Madden, Station Hotel, Station Street, Portsmouth, 2s.; Mr. K. Summers, Dingle Cafe, Abergele Road, Colwyn Bay, 2s. 1d.; Mr. J. Duran, The Clock House, Preston Street, Faversham, 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. W. Copcutt, Manager, Wyman's Bookstall, Railway Station, Princes Risboro', 2s.; Mr. Chatfield, Black Lion, Preston Park, Brighton, 1s.; Mr. W. Barker, Preston Drive, Brighton, 4s.; Mr. A. L. Allen, Off Licence, Ranby Road, Coventry, 2s. 6d.; Mr. D. Somerville, 11, 53, Vincent Street, Edinburgh, 7s. 6d.; Mr. J. Archibald, 24, St. Stephens Street, Edinburgh, 7d.; Mr. J. Turner, 7, Gamecuber Road, Glasgow, 5s. 6d.; Miss Nellie Edwards, Well Street, Porthcawl, 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. Stevens, 69 Ark Street, Edinburgh, 1s. 6d.

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COMPANY MEETING.

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LTD.

The nineteenth annual general meeting of British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held on January 11, at Westminster House, London S.W.1, under the presidency of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., one of the deputy chairmen.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, since our last annual general meeting there have been two changes in the directorate. Sir Joseph Hood, M.P., one of the deputy chairmen, resigned his directorship as he desired, having regard to his Parliamentary duties, to have more leisure, and Mr. Lawrence Hignett, also one of the deputy chairmen, resigned his position as a deputy chairman because he felt he could not continue to devote himself so closely to the business, and has become an ordinary director. I am glad to say that as a matter of fact he is still continuing to devote the whole of his time and attention to the business. I may mention that Sir Joseph Hood was engaged in the formation of the Company and was appointed its solicitor, and within six months after the incorporation of the Company was elected a director. His resignation was accepted with the utmost regret. I am glad, however, to be able to inform you that Sir Joseph Hood was good enough to offer to place his invaluable knowledge of the Company's affairs and experience at the disposal of the Board at any time when they desired to consult him, and we have on many occasions availed ourselves of his kind offer. No doubt you will all have seen from the last Honours List that His Majesty conferred the honour of a Baronetcy on Sir Joseph Hood, and I am sure you will all join with me in congratulating him on that well-deserved honour. (Hear, hear.) The vacancy caused by the resignation of Sir Joseph Hood has been filled by the election of Mr. Charles Ernest Maconochie, who will come up for re-election at a later stage of the meeting.

THE BALANCE SHEET.

Taking the assets side of the balance sheet first, the item of real estate and buildings at cost, less provision for amortisation of leaseholds £550,950, shows a small increase of £8,964. We have made some further investments in land and buildings at Southampton and land at Bangkok, Mombasa and Lagos, against which we have disposed of certain property at Rochester, New York, leaving the net increased figure just mentioned. Goodwill, trade marks and patents is reduced from £505,114 to £200,000. We have during the past year disposed of the goodwill of our business in Canada, and also the goodwill of certain parts of our business in Belgium and New Zealand, and have received in each case shares in payment therefor in subsidiary companies. While we have only written off from the goodwill item the sum of £305,114 to bring it down to £200,000, yet the par value of the shares received represents a much larger sum. Loans to and current accounts with associated companies, £5,547,886, show a very substantial decrease of £1,647,071. A number of our subsidiary companies have during the past year materially reduced their indebtedness to us, which accounts for the large decrease in this item. Investments in associated companies show a very considerable increase, from £11,358,132 to £15,340,582. This again is the largest item on the assets side, and shows an increase this year of £3,984,450. We have made a number of investments during the past year by increasing our holdings in various subsidiary companies throughout the world, including the investment of nearly £1,000,000 in the 7½ per cent. bonds of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Canada, Ltd. This item, of course, is also swelled by the shares we now hold in subsidiary companies represented by the decrease in the item of goodwill previously mentioned. Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials at cost or under, now stands at £8,873,065, or a decrease of £148,120. Sundry debtors, less provision for doubtful debts and debit balances, now stand at £2,108,140, or a reduction of £423,035. Cash at bankers and in transit, £2,520,880, shows a reduction of £335,139. This is necessarily a fluctuating item.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

That brings me to the last item—namely, profit and loss account. You will remember that last year we carried forward a balance of £3,076,868, out of which we paid a final dividend of 9 per cent., amounting to £1,440,405, which left us with a disposable balance of £1,636,462. To this sum the net profits for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses for management, etc., and providing for income tax and corporation profits tax, amounting to £4,323,481, should be added, less the preference dividend of £225,000 and the four interim dividends, amounting to £2,561,227, which leaves a disposable balance of £3,171,454, out of which the directors recommend the distribution on January 18 of a final dividend (free of British income tax) on the issued ordinary shares of 8 per cent., amounting to £1,281,266, leaving £1,890,187 to be carried forward. This final dividend of 8 per cent. will make 24 per cent. for the year upon the ordinary shares which were in existence a year ago, and upon the small number of shares issued since—the amount, of course, varies with the date of their actual issue.

As no doubt you are aware, the final accounting period for excess profits duty purposes of your Company terminated on September 30, 1920, and, owing to this being the case, the Company has not been able to claim the full benefit attaching to the drop in the value of stocks in trade that it would have been able to claim if its accounting period had ended at a later date. The Company, however, will have a claim against the Government in respect of the relief afforded by the Finance Act, 1921, but the amount has not yet been ascertained. The profit for the year under review does not include any amount in respect of this claim.

NET PROFITS.

I may mention that the net profits for the past year show an increase of £1,229,000 over the average net profits for the preceding seven years, 1914 to 1920, even including the record year of 1919-1920. During the past year we have passed through a period of great difficulty and depression, more particularly in January, February, and March. Since that time conditions in our business have gradually improved and are still improving, and during the first three months of our current year this improvement has been maintained. Now that the aftermath of the war, as far as we are concerned, is clearing up, I see no reason why the steady growth of our business should not continue. I feel that we are in a very sound and promising financial position, as all our stocks of tobacco and materials have been written down to or below to-day's market value; our carry-forward is larger than last year, and, as I have said before, we have received since September 30 a very large proportion of our German claims, against which we set up and still have on our books the general reserve of £1,500,000.

I now formally beg to move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended September 30, 1921, including payment on January 18, of a final dividend of 8 per cent. upon the issued Ordinary shares, free of British income-tax, also payable on January 18, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 12 per cent.

Mr. Lawrence Hignett seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

B. S. (Merthyr).—In reply to your kind enquiry, we edit no other paper than JOHN BULL. We should hate to think you bought any of them under a false impression.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Kidderminster).—We have perused your sensible letter with very great interest. You may rest assured that in the event of a General Election our political position will be made perfectly clear.

"ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED." (Glasgow).—"I want to thank you on behalf of all the poor sufferers in lunatic asylums." Rest assured that we shall never be deaf to their appeal.

B. G. W. (Stamford Hill, N.).—We are interested to hear that at a recent session of the Tottenham Parliament the Independents defeated the Coalition and succeeded in establishing a Business Government. And not so far from Westminster, either!

W. H. (Isle of Man).—You need not be so contemptuous because the newspaper you mention does not know how to apologise gracefully. Probably, like ourselves, they have had very little practice at it.

H. W. (Winnipeg).—"Was Mary Mac Swiney ever kissed?" Not by us.

W. W. (Bedfordshire).—"Where would you be without your staff?" Sitting up all night in our shirt-sleeves.

"JOCK" (Clapham, S.W.).—"May God grant you health and strength to carry on the good work." We appreciate the warm goodwill behind that simple prayer.

F. H. (Kennington).—So your young Spanish-American friend told you that in a few years' time the United States and Germany would be fighting against Great Britain. Where did you kick him?

"BEEN HAD."—The sample of "so-called chocolate" arrived quite safely. You needn't have chewed it first.

C. F. A. (Highgate).—"You're all right as far as you go." Good. Be careful you're not all wrong as far as you go.

"LOOKER-ON" (Maida Vale).—So you think our posters are "quite the most effective in London." We do it on purpose, of course.

"COMMONSENSE" (Basingstoke).—You may take it from us that the Pussyfoot plot is a real one, as you'll find to your cost if one of these days you wake up with a seven-and-sixpenny thirst and no pub within a ten-mile radius.

R. K. (Acton).—So you "think Mr. George Robey should have been knighted." But Sir Harry Lauder would have been fearfully cross about it.

"JOHN THOMAS."—"I have seen little bits of your book and like them very much." Save up and buy a whole copy and you'll never regret the plunge.

"REGGIE" (Surbiton).—"I was at home last week-end." No need on that account to set yourself up on a moral pedestal.

"TOMMY ATKINS" (Wimbledon).—"You may take it from me that Prussianism does exist in the Brigade of Guards." And you may take it from us that if you send us particulars the matter shall be treated in the strictest confidence.

J. T. S. (Aldershot).—The use of a wedding ring does not, of course, prove that a woman is married; it suggests it. There is no law upon the subject.

MISS M. S. (Staines).—Afraid we cannot undertake to advise you how to clean your best Sunday gloves. Next time we are in the right company we will enquire.

MISS C. N. (Scarborough).—The works of Emile Zola in an English translation can be obtained through any bookseller. In our young days they were considered so wicked that we read the whole lot in a fortnight.

"ANXIOUS." (Leith).—It is an unfortunate fact that many medical practitioners overlook tuberculosis in its early and curable stages. You should consult a specialist without delay.

J. T. S. (Kidderminster).—It is news to us that there is any general shortage of beer at the present time. Perhaps it sort of happens when *you're* about.

"TAR JOHN."—"I must have my little joke." By all means, and between ourselves we should laugh twice as much if you had a big one.

"RAINBOW" (Scotland).—"I am a very recent reader of JOHN BULL." But you will improve on that every week.

S. W. S. (South Norwood, S.E.).—We have repeatedly attacked the so-called Psycho Success Club, whose latest effusion you send us. The whole thing is a fraud, and a mouldy one, too.

SERGT. G. (Bantry).—I can safely say that the number of casualties inflicted on the R.A.S.C. during the trouble in Ireland was by no means small. Afraid the truth is that it was by some means big.

"WORKING MAN" (Hinckley).—Afraid you rather misunderstood our recent sketch of the Rev. G. Studdert Kennedy. We have by no means forgotten "Woodbine Willie's" splendid services in the war.

"NAUGHTY MAN."—From your latest letter you appear to be mixing up Tooting with Hammersmith. Sounds as if in your nocturnal wanderings the sense of topography becomes a trifle blurred.

G. C. (King's Cross).—Probably the Prince of Wales' pig-sticking expedition was a case of "When at Rome doing as Rome does." But we sympathise with your feelings all the same.

V. G. L. (Windsor).—We certainly had not the slightest intention of being sarcastic at your expense, and are grateful for your further contribution to our "Greatest of These——" Fund. No "quotes" this time.

R. E. P. (Sleaford).—Afraid we can recommend no prescription "to prevent the hair falling out." Some ladies, we believe, collect the bits up and stick 'em on again.

"READER" (St. Helen's).—"Why look sad and be unfit? Write to JOHN BULL about it." Capital—and everybody's doing it.

"NORFOLK DUMPLING" (North Walsham).—For administrative purposes London is quite correctly described as a "county," although there is no need for your daughter to "gas about it." She seems a forward minx.

"MEDIUM" (Oxford).—Like you, we have known many "good Christian people," and quite a lot of good people who were not Christians. Conversely, we have known a few "Christians" who weren't fit to sit in a pub. with.

A. R. R. (New York).—Thanks for sending us Randolph Hearst's latest outburst in the *New York Times*. We are inclined to suspect epilepsy.

"INFELICE."—We no more than you do approve of "adulterers and extortioners." On the contrary, we hate the sight of them.

J. W. (Chatham).—We are asking the staff to sort the newspaper cuttings you were good enough to send us. It will take twelve months.

J. W. (Wimbledon).—We have read your poem, "The Cry of the Unemployed," with interest and sympathy. Sorry no space for publication.

"ALLEGRO" (Nottingham).—"Much strength to your elbow." Thanks, but if all the same to you, we should like it spread a bit.

A. H. T. (Manchester).—Always glad to hear from "constant readers." And from new ones, too, for it is often a case of love at first sight.

"PIRATE."—The phrase, "Kind hearts are more than coronets," occurs in a poem of the late Lord Tennyson, one of the few Poet Laureates worth their salt—or sack.

W. A. (New Jersey).—"You seem to be doing pretty well." Thanks, and if we may say so with equal politeness, your letter strikes us as possessing distinct gleams of intelligence.

"HUBBY" (Hereford).—Your friend is quite right in stating that under the English law a husband is liable in damages for the wrongful acts of his wife. We call it a rotten example of the inequality of the sexes.

"ENGAGED" (Littlehampton).—Afraid cannot recommend any book on marriage. Personally we never found it necessary.

"IGNORAMUS."—"I dreamt I saw an elephant suspended in mid-air." It's a warning, old chap!

"FORTY-NINE."—Perhaps you worry too much about your health. You remind us of the chap in "Three Men in a Boat" who had every complaint going except housemaid's knee.

"SIMPLE SIMON."—The meaning of the phrase "no flies on" anyone is that a live man is not still long enough for them to settle. Get us?

"ONYX."—So you think our small articles would look nice if written in verse. It never occurred to us before, but we will chew it over between now and next Christmas.

"QUANTOCK."—If you find a cold bath in the mornings does not suit your health, give it up. For cleanliness use hot water, or a little sandpaper.

G. T. U. (Harringay, N.).—"I am a great admirer of Kipling's 'If' and think it ought to be in everyone's bedroom." It should, no doubt, but not in type large enough to clash with the wallpaper.

"LEX."—Strictly speaking, the term "attorney" means a solicitor, although the Attorney General is invariably a barrister. The British Constitution is full of these anomalies, which are held by some people to prove that we are the greatest nation upon whom the sun never sets.

V. T. S. (Bridlington).—You go a little too far in your advocacy of Divorce Law Reform. Soon you'll suggest merely speaking to the policeman on the beat.

"BLOOMSBURY."—If you are not comfortable at your hotel, the best suggestion we can make is that you should leave it and go to another one. Never struck you, perhaps?

H. R. B. (Braintree).—"I will stick to your paper as long as I can read." That ought to mean that we are sure of a good show up to, say, 9.30 p.m.

"BARBARA" (Luton).—Sorry to hear your sweetheart does not write to you more regularly. Why not try another?

K. A. N. (Lincoln).—"I hope I am not encroaching on the space of your splendid journal." Not much, as you can see.

E. E. F. (Newbiggin-by-the-Sea).—You give no details in regard to the conduct of "the eminent physician who sent you to hell." Surely you are speaking prophetically.

A. A. (Ramsgate).—You should give details of the bad treatment of ex-Service men by the Ramsgate unemployed. Otherwise we might put our foot in it.

"SIMPLE SAILOR" (Bermuda).—We have no idea what you mean when you talk about the United States and a "nasal holiday." No hint of impertinence, we trust.

"WATCHFUL" (Londonderry).—In punishing a man guilty of a criminal assault upon a young girl by a fine of £200 and deportation for two years, the Sinn Fein Court you speak of has set a good example.

W. T. (Seine-et-Oise).—"I read JOHN BULL to learn the English language." You're no fool.

MR. SCOTT, of Liverpool, who took temporary charge of a small pet dog on board the s.s. *Mona* (Liverpool to the Isle of Man), is asked to communicate with the owner, Mr. Kenneth Sinclair, Manghole Head Lighthouse, Ramsay, I.O.M.

"BEST MAN" (Peckham, S.E.).—You do not "have" to kiss anyone at a wedding, but if you like to spread yourself a bit, probably no one will mind.

"ANIMAL LOVER" (Islington, N.).—"Ten years ago nearly all the cats you saw in London were tabbies: now they all seem to be black ones. Can you explain this?" We cannot, except upon the hopeful assumption that our luck is improving.

"GRUMPY" (Birkenhead).—"Your remarks on some subjects are slightly at variance with the true position." That is as nice a way of telling us off as you could have hit upon.

J. J. W. (Manchester).—"The boys round here still 'go nap' on JOHN BULL." Round lots of other places too, as our booming circulation proves.

W. B. G. (Pentre).—It is doubtless true that since the general increase in the price of newspapers quite a number of people have had to be content with JOHN BULL. Although we are bound to say that in our opinion they have been none the worse for it.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Anything wrong in your neighbourhood?— "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

John Bull's Bargains

Here are displayed certain advertisements of goods which have been examined by "John Bull" and represent excellent value. If ordered by post they are covered by the guarantee on page ii of cover. Samples may be seen at the Advertisement Office of "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HUGE BEDDING SALE.

Why pay high prices when the Manufacturer is willing to sell direct to you from the Mills at WHOLESALE PRICES? The Bargains we are now offering have caused a SENSATION in the Bedding Trade.

CONTAINING the following guaranteed goods, for Double Beds:—

ONE pure white ROCHDALE BLANKET, whipped white, size 68 x 88.

ONE heather grey UNDER BLANKET, whipped and bordered, size 54 x 78.

ONE white FRINGED HONEYCOMB QUILT, splendid quality, size 73 x 90.

ONE BOLTON TWILL SHEET, superior quality for hard wear, size 70 x 90.

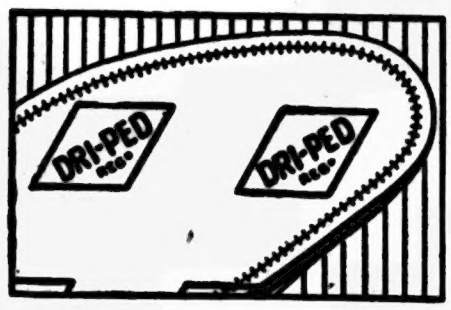
TWO white LONGCLOTH PILLOW CASES, buttoned, reliable make, size 20 x 30.

TWO closely woven TURKISH TOWELS, very absorbent, 22 x 42.

Post your order to-day, enclosing 30s. to—

WILLIAM EWART & CO. (Dept. "B."),
LANCASHIRE'S PREMIER DRAPERY MANUFACTURERS,
CABLE STREET, MANCHESTER.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly refunded.
DON'T PAY MORE.



Save *half* on footwear bills

Every 'Dri-ped' soled boot and shoe gives at least double wear—lasts at least twice as long. This is guaranteed by the 'Dri-ped' diamond stamped on each sole.

'Dri-ped' is the world's best sole leather—twice as durable as best ordinary leather of equal thickness, light, flexible, and absolutely waterproof.

DRI-PED

'Dri-ped' Soled Footwear is obtainable in all styles and sizes for men, women and children at your dealers. Always look for the 'Dri-ped' diamonds, stamped every few inches on each sole.

DRI-PED
THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES
GUARANTEED DOUBLE-WEAR
BOOTS & SHOES

A Splendid Offer by Riley's

FOR a small first payment of 15/- Riley's of Accrington will send their most popular size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (6 ft. 4 in.). Cash price £12 10s. carriage paid to any address within one mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom. The balance you pay in 17 monthly instalments whilst you are using the table. In addition they will allow you SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Afterwards, if you are not thoroughly satisfied you may return the table to Riley's.

There are various sizes—prices in proportion—and every table fits conveniently on an ordinary dining table—there is one to fit on yours.

Write to-day for Price List.

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES supplied from £27 10s., or can be purchased by 13 or 20 monthly equal payments.

The magnificent "Riley" Full-size Tables are always in stock. Repairs executed and all Billiard Accessories supplied. Write for prices.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
Duke Works, ACCRINGTON.
and 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

Another Sensational COAL OFFER

Bright House Coal

AT 49/- PER TON

(As Supplied by us to the Nobility.)

In 3 Ton lots delivered in bags free within a radius of 6 miles of King's Cross Station. Deliveries beyond the 6 mile area charged 1/- per Ton per mile extra.

Same Quality as elsewhere charged at 63/- per ton.

Secure at once your WINTER SUPPLIES by sending order and cash to

DIRECT FISH SUPPLIES, LTD.
Capital £2,000,000.
COAL DEPARTMENT,
33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.
Telephone: MUSEUM 4925

One Ton deliveries will be made at an extra charge of 6d. per ton. Quotations given for truckloads for delivery to anywhere.

Hundreds of Testimonials.

COAL RING BROKEN

A Wonderful Cycle Offer for "JOHN BULL" READERS

Bikes made for British Government in B.S.A and in R.E. factories, offered under the "John Bull" guarantee for

£4 : 17 : 6

These splendid machines were made to stand the hardest of wear in London's largest cycle factory. They come to you in perfect condition and ready for the road.

Every machine is given an all weather finish. If you wish, you can obtain the bike straight away, and pay for it in monthly instalments It will pay for itself over and over again by the fares it saves.

Send for particulars to-day, or call at

Hearn CYCLE CO LIMITED.

Dept. V.B., 254, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1

A MARVELLOUS WATCH BARGAIN

A Facsimile Ten-Guinea Demi-Hunter Watch

Actual size of watch.

FOR ONLY **1-GUINEA**

An amazing WATCH offer, eclipsing any other Bargain ever introduced to the public, is now offered by C. WILSON, WATCH FACTOR, who has made a wonderful purchase by auction of

5,000 HIGH-CLASS GOLD-CASED DEMI-HUNTER WATCHES,

and instead of selling them to the trade on the customary long credit, has decided to sell them singly, direct to the public, for prompt cash at the astonishing low advertising price of

21/- each, post paid.

2,000 have already been sold.

HANDSOME IN APPEARANCE.
RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER.
A PERFECT MODEL.

Each watch has a beautiful jewelled movement, patent key-less action, compensation balance, non-magnetic tempered spring, clear sunlight dial in stout, highly-finished demi-hunter case, with dust-proof dome. Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Every watch tested and warranted for five years. These magnificent watches are an exact facsimile of the finest models in the world, and if bought from a shop could not be purchased under £3 3s 0d. A handsomer watch has yet to be invented. A watch that any gentleman would be proud to wear.

Small illustration showing watch open.

Seize this unusual opportunity and send for this marvellous watch bargain by return of post. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

C. WILSON, WATCH FACTOR, 6, ANSDELL ST. SHIRLEY RD., J.A.1, MANCHESTER

BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2ND Prize £100

3RD Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £5

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

10 PRIZES OF £2-10/-

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example: FAIR FIGHT. Bullet: FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 436.

OUR GOVERNMENT	MISSING THE GOAL	DISARMING	PRINCIPAL GIRL
THE NATION'S PURSE	IN A FEW WORDS	NEW BROOM	WE ALL FANCY
WHERE THERE'S A WILL	SICK AND TIRED	A HUG'S GAME	CHEERFUL READING
ENGLAND AND FRANCE	FREE SAMPLE	MY LOVE	GOING TO POT
WHEN DREAM COMES TRUE	BEYOND BELIEF	FATHER'S JOB	NOBODY'S CHILD
GETTING THE PLUMS	SAVING A LOT	LUCKY DOG	AWAY FROM HOME
UNSOLVED MYSTERY	CONTENTED MAN	COLD SNAP	GAME FOR TWO
SINKING THE SHIP	IN THE WORKSHOP	WORK BY HEAD	WHEN FLAPPER MARRIES
PANEL DOCTOR	ECONOMY STUNT	WHY NOT	LANDING THE PRIZE
HAMMER AND TONGS	A RAPID RISE	LAST TO GO	MUST BE WON

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(436) P.O.No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(436) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 436. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(436) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(436) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 437.

BRINGS TROUBLE—OVERLOADED—BREAKING THE ICE—BROUGHT HOME—PICKING UP—SPEAKS VOLUMES—A GOOD MATE—TOTAL WRECK—FOR THE PRESENT—COUNTRY GIRL—WE HOPE THAT—AS OTHERS SEE US—WAITING TO SETTLE—FALSE FRIEND—HALF THE BATTLE—HANDY MAN—ROUGH DIAMOND—POOR BEGGAR—ON OUR BACKS—UP AND DOING.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, February 2nd.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **437** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 437, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition **436.**

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 434, will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

Result of 454th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. W. H. REED,
39, Northgate, Sleaford, Lincs.

Example:—SPENDING WISELY.
Bullet:—PROVES WIFE "BARGAIN" ALSO.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. C. W. SMITH,
C.C. Bushey Hall Golf Club, Bushey, Herts.

Example:—LITTLE AND GOOD.
Bullet:—TAXES AND INCOMES ONCE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. F. DRURY, 2, Ashfield Street, Lincoln.

Example:—BRITAIN'S WATCHDOG.
Bullet:—MUSTN'T PROTECT "EMPTY HOUSE."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. R. TYCE, 68, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich:
WHAT SHE WANTED—IT WASN'T THE MOON.
Miss E. LEE, 5, Barton Terrace, Alphington Road, Exeter:
PUT AND TAKE—EXPLAINS PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS' LIST.
Mr. H. BERRY, 2, Rock Terrace, Morriston, Glam.:
TELLING THE WIFE—EVERYTHING—"THAT PLEASES HER."
Mr. A. K. RICHARDS, 4, Florence Terrace, Ealing, W.5:
THE NEW WORLD—IRELAND EVIDENTLY FIRST MILESTONE.
Mr. F. LOVE, "Ashleigh," Freelands Road, Cobham, Surrey:
A NICE BIRD—OFTEN ACCEPTS "WEALTHY WORM."
Mr. G. ALDENDICK, Hay, Hereford:
A SURE THING—"OPEN DOOR" ATTRACTS WOLF.
Miss N. KING, 172, Drummond Road, Skegness:
JUDGE AND JURY—OF STAR, CHORUS GENERALLY.
Mr. H. HOBBS, 47, Fairlawn Mansions, New Cross, S.E.:
A SURE THING—DON'T SACRIFICE TO EXPERIMENT.
Miss D. CUMMINS, Purbeck, Norfolk Road, Southampton:
TWO A PENNY—AND WE GRUMBLED THEN.
Mrs. J. P. BARRONS, Innerleithen, Peebles-shire:
STANDING JOKE—QUEUES FOR KNIGHTHOODS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. R. JENNER, Preston Hall Gardens, Aylesford, Kent:
MY NEW YEAR WISH—SAME AS ALL TAXPAYERS.
Mr. A. N. PARKES, 37, Fieldhead Road, Sheffield:
PERFECT STRANGER—TO JOB—APPOINTED MINISTER.
Rev. R. E. GAYE, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich:
IN LONDON TOWN—IT'S TIME INDEMNITY WAS.
Mr. F. ANSTEAD, 35, Church Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19:
TWO A PENNY—PROFITEER WOULD SELL FARTHINGS.
Mr. J. CRAWFORD, Boghead, Girvan, Ayrshire, N.B.:
COINING MONEY—OFTEN "THROUGH THE POST."
Mr. T. ALLEN, 85, Clifton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester:
SO SIMPLE—THE NOVELIST'S HEROINE ONCE.
Mr. C. JERSEY, 62, Guildford Road, Seven Kings:
PLENTY—MAIDEN SPEECHES NEXT PARLIAMENT.
Mr. J. DUNBAR, Ballykeel, Holywood, Co. Down:
COUNTRY YOKEL—WAS "EDUCATED" IN FRANCE.
Mr. G. BRADSHAW, Admiralty Cottages, Arrochar, Glasgow:
CLIMBING—WOMAN, SINCE LIMBS UNFETTERED.
Mr. W. THOMSON, 35, Mimosa Street, Fulham Road, S.W.6:
BRITAIN'S WATCHDOG—"DOESN'T KNOW IT'S MASTER."

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE

FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ALREADY PAID 608 CLAIMS.

FULL CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death, such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her right under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-houses, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL. The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

Owing to lack of space, the Newsagents' Order Form and Readers' Registration Form is held over, but will again appear in next week's issue.

Biggest EXCLUSIVE Football Prize!

£2,000

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £2,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete. This competition is**

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" AND THE "BOY'S PICTORIAL."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Feb. 2nd,** will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ **PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS.** Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No 18, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 2nd.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Sunderland	v.	Aston Villa			
Arsenal	v.	Newcastle U.			
Cardiff City	v.	Preston N. E.			
Birmingham	v.	Liverpool			
Blackburn R.	v.	Burnley			
Everton	v.	Middlesbrough			
Blackpool	v.	Barnsley			
Sheffield Wed.	v.	Notts Forest			
Watford	v.	Portsmouth			
Aberdare A.	v.	Plymouth A.			

☞ **Coupons must be cut—not torn out.**

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(18) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

Skin Treatment—The Last Word

Germolene the New Aseptic Dressing.

Takes the Proud Place of Unrivalled Perfection.

Domestic skin treatment is no longer a problem which need mystify the sufferer It has been solved by the last word of science—Germolene, the new aseptic skin dressing This wonderful product of that world-famous laboratory of the Veno Drug Co, Ltd., of Manchester, now stands in the proud position of unrivalled perfection. It owes this unique honour to two things: first the patient years of laboratory work and actual investigation into the cause and cure of skin suffering which were carried on in the Veno Laboratory before Germolene was introduced to the world; secondly, the unprecedented opportunity for a world-wide test which public approval has afforded it. Daily evidence in the newspapers shows that there is not a vestige of doubt of the efficacy of Germolene in the case of such skin ailments as eczema, rashes, itching skin, pimples, psoriasis, piles, bad legs, deep-seated ulcers, ringworm, impetigo, poisoned wounds, and all skin accidents.

Germolene is a delicately flesh-tinted ointment—quite invisible when applied to the complexion and rapidly disappearing into the pores. For facial treatment it is supreme. It was awarded gold medals at four great international exhibitions. It soothes at a touch, comforts, cleanses, heals, and cures. Sold at 3/- per box (1/3 the smaller size) by all chemists.

BOVRIL

Prevents that Sinking Feeling.

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh* or *Ordinary Colds*. Buy a tin today at your chemists.

4s. 3d. a tin

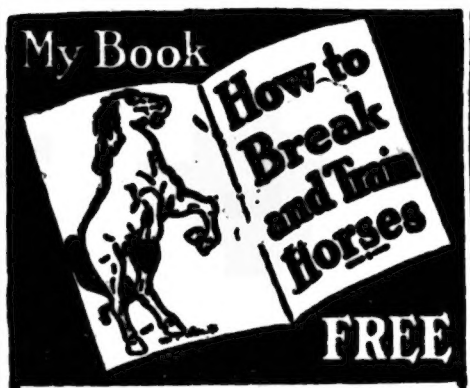
TO PROVE IS TO CONVINCE

Let us convince you by proving that

"CURACEA" (Regd.) LIQUID NERVE TONIC

is, without doubt, the finest nerve tonic procurable to-day. For Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Insomnia, Debility, Depression, Blushing, etc., it gives instantaneous relief and speedy cure. Price /8 6/9 and 5/- per bottle. Stocked by Army and Navy Stores, also obtainable through Boots, Taylors, and all chemists, or direct post free. Send postcard for sample and literature to—

CURACEA CO. (Dept. 24), Elm Grove, LONDON, S.E.15



BIG MONEY IN "ORNERY" HORSES

MY free book will amaze you. See the big money that is being made by those I taught my famous system of horse breaking and training! Wild colts and vicious, unmanageable horses can be picked up for a song. By my methods you can quickly transform them into gentle, willing workers and re-sell them at a big profit. You can also earn fat fees breaking colts and training horses for others.

Write! My book is free, postage prepaid. No obligation. A postcard brings it. *Write today.*

Prof. JESSE BEERY, 1681 Main St., Pleasant Hill, Ohio

BAD LEGS

Cured by the New Method. Pain is banished Rest is unnecessary, Work is unin errup ed. Operations are abolished, Relapse is impossible, Failure is unknown. If Doctors have failed, if Specialists have failed, if Ho-pit ls have failed, it matters not. Tremol Treatment, the new Therapeutic discovery for Bad Legs, is certain to cure you, and may save your lif . Write to-day for the illustrated book, "Cures by the Cured," post free.

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, (Ward B.L.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER.

1922 RHEUMATISM

FREE "URILLAC" PRESCRIPTION TO BANISH ACHES AND PAINS.

THIS new year of 1922 will be a happy one for many men and women formerly in the painful grip of Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Kidney or Bladder Trouble.

The banished aches and pains are no longer feared by folk who know how wonderfully quickly and completely the Free "Urillac Tablets" Prescription conquers all these Uric Acid and kindred complaints.

No prescription has achieved greater success in the Medical Profession than that of the eminent West End Consulting Physician who used it in his practice. To-day this Free Prescription is available in the form of "Urillac" Tablets.

Within 24 to 48 hours you will know why "Urillac" Tablets are so popular among one-time sufferers from Rheumatic and Uric Acid complaints. Within that short time the "Urillac Tablets" will have mixed with your blood and made it anti-Uric Acid. Thus quickly the stiff, swollen or sore joints and muscles will loosen up and regain their old-time pain-free freedom of movement.

After discovering the wonderful virtues of "Urillac Tablets," you will be doing a kindness in recommending them to other sufferers.

Don't go on suffering. Go or send to-day for a 1s. 3d., or 3s., or 5s. box of the genuine

URILLAC TABLETS.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, 1s. 3d., 3s., 5s.,

or in case of any difficulty, direct and post free from

The Urillac Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Phillips 'Military'.

SOLES & HEELS.

Men's Stout ...	5/6
" Light ...	4/6
Youths'	4/-
Ladies'	3/-
Small Children's	2/-

per set.

Supplied with new type of light tacks for quick and easy fixing.

HEELS ONLY.

Men's Stout ...	2/-
" Light ...	1/6
Ladies'	1/-

per pair.

FIXING EXTRA.

Keep your feet warm and dry in winter. Save pounds in a year.

Give ease and comfort to walking.

Phillips RUBBERS "Last the time of three"

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS.

CLARNICO

CLARNICO RIDDLES, No. 4.

What is better than a Clarnico Caramel ?

TWO CLARNICO CARAMELS

Or better still, a dainty box to avoid handling. Besides—a box of CLARNICO CARAMELS makes a very acceptable present.

Clarnico Cream Caramels.
Clarnico Lily Caramels (with almonds).
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

THE

CITY LIFE

Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:

CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

Telephones: CENTRAL 29 and 35.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000

Premium Income Exceeds £450,000

Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000

Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

I TOOK CICFA for my INDIGESTION (In STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy Food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc.; while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH SUPPLIES NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. With those ferments Digestion is restored, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE ACTIVE WHEN CICFA IS TAKEN.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

3, FOXHAM ROAD,
TUFNELL PARK, N.

"DEAR SIRS,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your Indigestion remedy, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1/3 tubes. I had been suffering with Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is most wonderful, and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really removes Indigestion as Cicfa has removed mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain remedy. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,

Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa. Hundreds of them have written us of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When thousands of British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can purchase Cicfa, and commence using it immediately.

Sold everywhere. Prices 1/3 & 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

JOHN BULL, 21/1/22.

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